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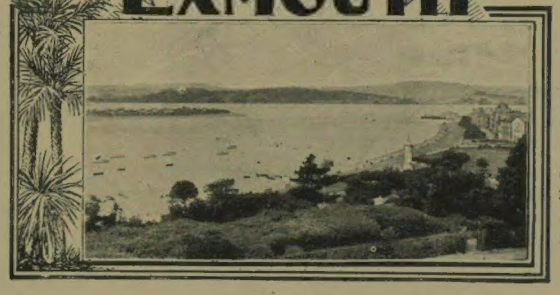
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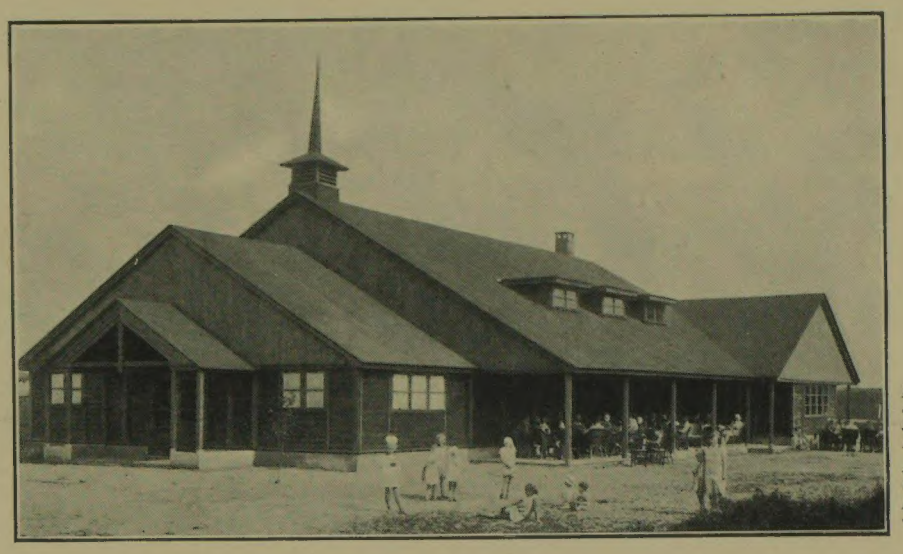
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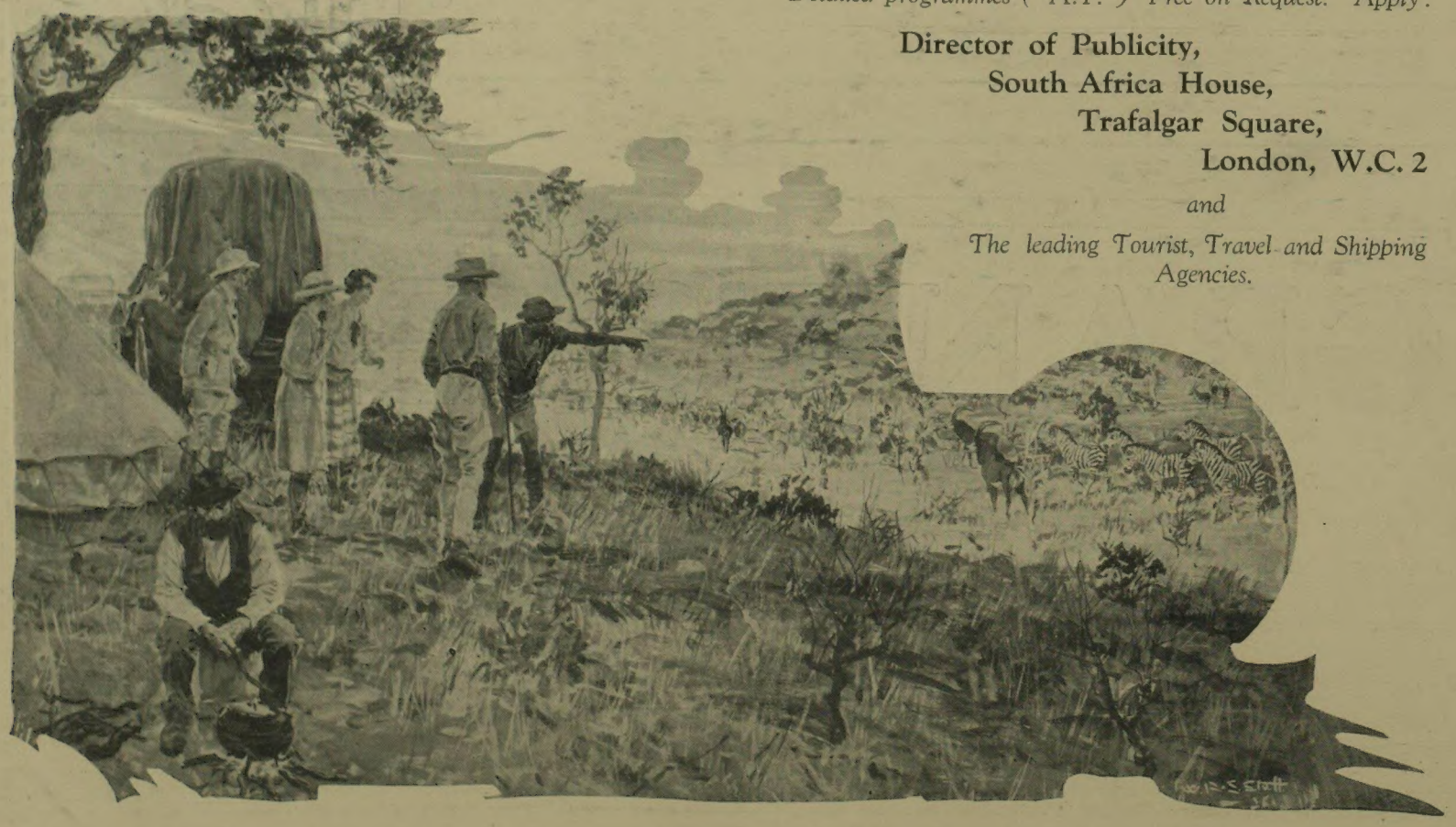
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1928.

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HIGH FLYING IN THE 25TH YEAR OF HEAVIER-THAN-AIR MACHINES: AN AIRMAN'S ALTITUDE HELMET.

It was arranged to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first successful flight in a power-driven heavier-than-air machine—that of the brothers Wright on December 17, 1903—by a dinner underneath their historic biplane suspended from the roof of the Science Museum, to which it has been lent by Mr. Orville Wright. Among the 100 guests invited was Captain Geoffrey de Havilland, who last July, with his wife as a passenger, set up a new altitude record for light aeroplanes, of over 21,000 feet, in a Moth two-seater with a Gipsy engine. At present (according to "The Aeroplane") the world altitude record for aeroplanes carrying 1000 kilogrammes of useful load is held by Herr Schinzinger, who last September attained 7926 metres (nearly 26,000 ft.) in a Junkers W34, with Bristol Jupiter (series 7) super-charged engine. These figures indicate the progress made since 1903. Our photograph shows Lieut. J. A. Macready dressed for a high altitude flight.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE approach of Christmas found me reading Dickens in an appropriate manner, and also pondering on the point that he left no successor—not only of his genius, but even of his mood. And then I turned by chance to an American book of essays which made exactly the same remark about Walt Whitman. Dickens and Whitman may seem different enough, but they were one in a huge assumption that human beings must be enthusiastic for humanity. And we see their common assumption very vividly now, because it has gone. Anyhow, they left no heirs. It seems to me that this has been much more often true of original or significant works than is commonly supposed. All my generation talked, and many even of the rising generation are still talking, about progress in terms of prophecy. We were taught that somebody like Wycliffe was a Morning Star of the Reformation; and from that we slid into a habit of thinking of all the great as anticipators, all the poets as prophets, all the singers as morning stars singing together. But it seems to me that most of those morning stars were really evening stars. We were misled in this, as in most other things, by the misapplication of an old and mystical Christian idea as if it were a new and scientific social idea. All the nineteenth century was full of a noise of running feet; the feet beautiful upon the mountains; the feet of the Forerunner. If we had any patron saint, it was St. John the Baptist. But we served our patron saint as the Athenians served their unknown god; without knowing very much about him. And most people remain in that state of ignorant worship, and do not know much about the process which they call a progress.

If we look at the very great works, let us say of English literature, we shall see that each of them has something of that air of beginning big things; but in fact the big thing ends where it began. Shakespeare has all the Renaissance gesture of flinging open golden gates upon a new world of sunrise and song. He is full, as was the whole sixteenth century, of those radiant vistas of wealth, and treasure, which were sometimes worthy to be called, in an almost sublime sense, the dreams of avarice. He is full of all that glowing colour that belongs to the Venetian painting, as when with a touch he turns all the seas of the world to crimson. And when we compare all this breadth and glory with the stiff imitations of Seneca or the rude village plays of Quince and Bottom, we cannot but feel that Shakespeare is building a city, is making a world, is the beginning of something greater even than himself. But we have not had anything greater than himself. The Renaissance drama of blood and gold, of kings and usurpers, is not a beginning but an end; its gold and crimson are the colours of sunset and not of dawn. The same is true, in another fashion, of Milton. Milton, though he really came of a Catholic culture, deliberately took the side of all the new ideas, the new notions of the Puritans, and a good many new notions of his own, that would not have been at all approved by the Puritans. His Arian theology he probably regarded as a more enlightened theology. He believed in divorce and printing and all kinds of funny modern things. When a man in this attitude writes a sublime epic poem about the outlines of the new religion, we might naturally suppose he would found a school. We might expect it to be the beginning of a tradition of epic poems, of great, or at least reasonably good epic poems. But it was not the first of a new school of epics. It was the last epic of the world.

We need not be very much surprised if Whitman did not succeed in doing what Shakespeare and Milton failed to do. But in all three cases there is a principle at work which I think has been somewhat neglected, and by many perhaps never discovered. The difficulty with art is that the artist is giving permanent expression to a passing mood. He may be, and generally is, also testifying to a truth that is permanently behind that mood. But he cannot make the mood itself as popular at one time as at another. He cannot be certain, at any given moment, of whether the mood is also the mode. Therefore, while the work may remain as a classic, it cannot remain, as does, for instance, a religion, continuing to produce its own types of saint or mystic generation after generation. That can only happen when the truths are crystallised into a creed, and are regarded by the people as truths and not as transitory moods. But such a thing as the sixteenth century pageant of colour was really a transitory mood. It fascinated Shakespeare to watch men clad in gold on a purple daïs, and under heraldic canopies, playing fantastic tricks before high heaven. But by the time we come to Milton the next generation has wearied of those golden tragedies; the king is dethroned in fact and not merely in theatricals; the purple daïs has darkened to a black scaffold; and after that day there has been a fading of all the old blazonry and brilliancy of costume; and men have gone in grey and black for a century or so, as if they were in mourning for the death of the Last King.

But though, in the matter of dress, the world which turned grey with Puritanism has since turned black with Industrialism, in other ways these sterner moods were also moods that could pass. Milton did not, any more than Shakespeare, perpetuate what was heroic in his own point of view. We have this once more curious historical situation: that the Puritans have no sooner set about the beginning of Puritanism than they seem suddenly to come to the end of Puritanism. It seemed a naked new-born splendour for the chief enemies of Charles I. It was already a dead superstition for the chief enemies of Charles II. By that time men like Shaftesbury and Halifax no longer pretended to share the zeal of men like Cromwell and Vane. These things, that broke away from the old central tradition of culture, seemed in their first fancy to be rushing away to live their own life. But indeed it would be nearer the truth to say that they crawled away to die. The mighty things brought forth by the convulsion of the Renaissance and the Reformation are like huge cripples or wounded giants; they are works which break off abruptly and remain colossal and incomplete. The Elizabethan Drama broke off short. The Puritan Movement broke off short. The former is replaced, after an interval, by a foreign comedy with no trace of the native poetry. The latter exhibits what had once been a Puritan Parliament turning with astonishing rapidity into a Pagan oligarchy. And as this queer, abrupt break-down happened to the Renaissance enthusiasm of the sixteenth century, and to the Puritan enthusiasm of the seventeenth century, so it happened more slowly but equally surely to Rousseau and the romantic popular spirit in the eighteenth century, and to its last great exponent in the nineteenth. Its last great exponent was Walt Whitman; and he also believed that he was opening the doors of democracy, when he was really shutting them.

Nobody understands the world to-day unless he understands that the whole ideal of democracy is now in the same direct danger that the ideal of monarchy was from the pen of Milton or the ideal of aristocracy from the pen of Rousseau. Democracy is threatened to-day by the most diverse pens, but all notably of a new type; from the pen of Maurras in France to the pen of Mencken in America. I am perhaps among the few who realise it and also regret it. I do really believe that self-government is the most normal and the most noble sort of government, when you can get it, though it is possibly the most difficult to get. But then I am one of those dusty and antiquated objects who have creeds and dogmas and definite beliefs with definite reasons for them. Such as my democracy is, if it was never quite so wild as the optimism of Whitman, it will remain undisturbed by the pessimism of Mencken. But this is not the way in which the free fancy of the present age floats along. The mere mood and fashion of democracy is rapidly passing; and he who wishes to preserve any idea of it must lock it up in the casket of a creed.



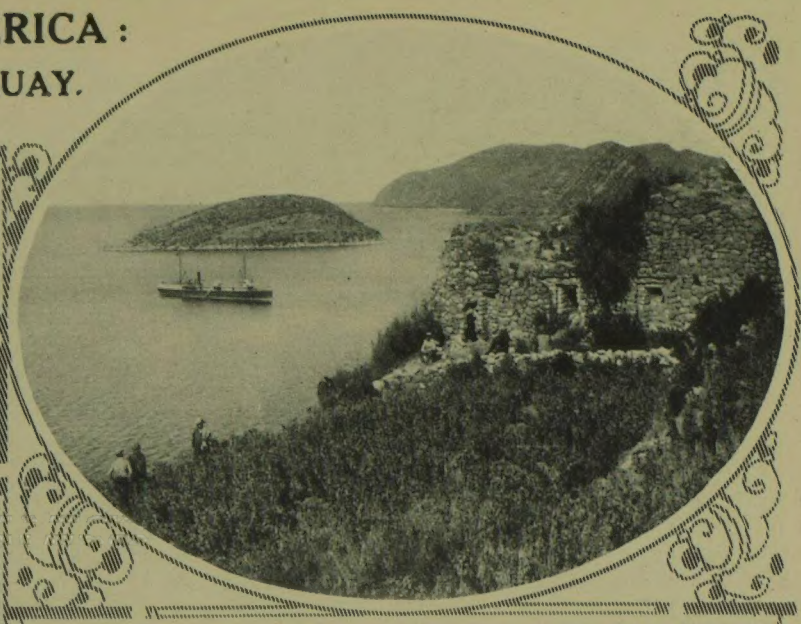
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SCENES IN BOLIVIA—AT VARIANCE WITH PARAGUAY.



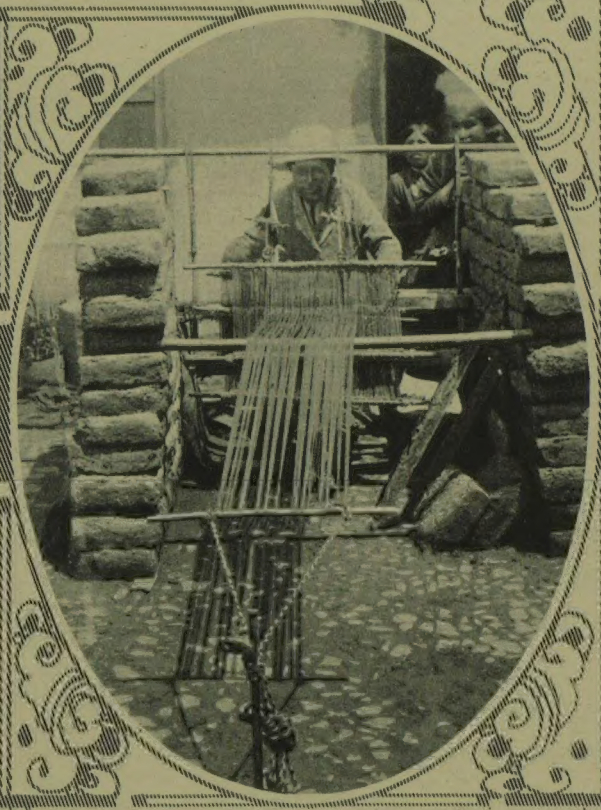
1. TYPICAL NATIVE INHABITANTS OF BOLIVIA, THE SOUTH AMERICAN STATE IN DISPUTE WITH PARAGUAY: A PARTY OF INDIAN FISHERMEN, EACH ENSCONCED IN THEIR CURIOUS LITTLE CRAFT, ON LAKE TITICACA.



2. THE TRADITIONAL HOME OF THE INCA HERO, MANCO CAPAC, BORN OF THE SUN GOD AND FOUNDER OF THE RACE: INCA RUINS ON ISLA DEL SOL (ISLAND OF THE SUN) ON LAKE TITICACA.



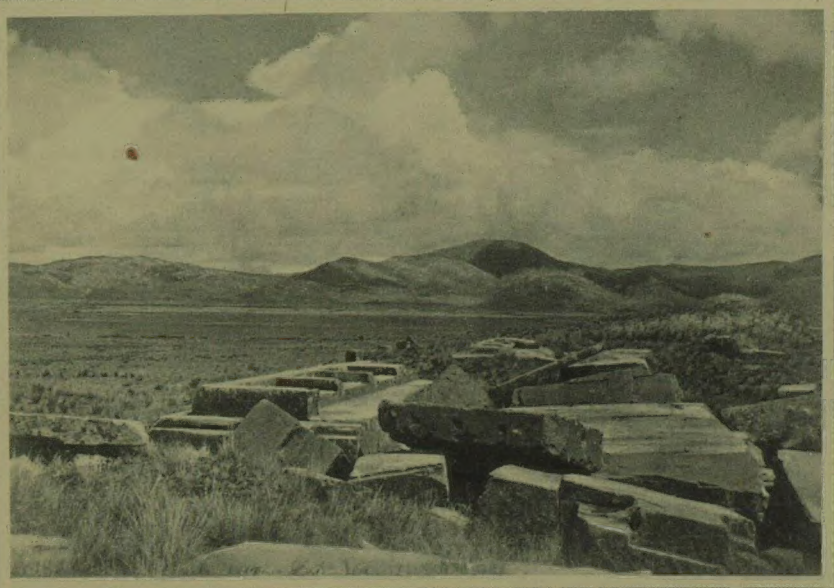
3. IN STRAW HATS, INDICATING SOCIAL SUPERIORITY TO PURE INDIANS: CHOLA WOMEN OF BOLIVIA—INDIANS WITH SOME FOREIGN BLOOD.



4. NATIVE PEASANT INDUSTRY IN THE BOLIVIAN HIGHLANDS: AN INDIAN WEAVING CLOTH FROM ALPACA WOOL ON A PRIMITIVE FRAME.



5. A PICTURESQUE RELIC OF INCA RULE IN BOLIVIA: AN OLD INCA STAFF OF AUTHORITY, HELD BY A DESCENDANT OF THE RACE.



6. TIAHUANACU, PERHAPS THE OLDEST CITY OF THE NEW WORLD, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF BOLIVIA: PART OF THE RUINS CALLED "EL PALACIO," OR *TUNCA-PUNCU* (THE TEN DOORS), PROBABLY A TRIBUNAL OF JUSTICE.

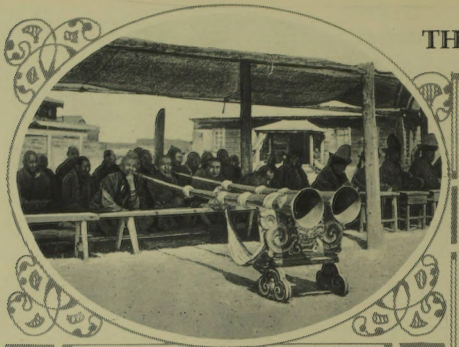


7. THE INDIAN'S "BEST FRIEND" IN BOLIVIA: AN AYMARA AND HIS LLAMA—A BEAST OF BURDEN USED BY THE INCAS IN CONSTRUCTING THEIR WORKS, AND ONE OF THE OLDEST MODES OF TRANSPORT KNOWN IN SOUTH AMERICA.

It was reported on Dec. 17 that the Paraguayan Legation in Washington had received a Note for transmission to the U.S. Government saying: "Bolivia has opened war activities against Paraguay"; and that the Paraguayan Chargé d' Affaires had said: "Paraguay and Bolivia are at war without a declaration of war." Paraguay was then reported to have accepted offers of mediation from the Pan-American Conference and Argentina. The quarrel concerns a long-standing dispute over border territory. The disputed district, with an area of about 116,000 square miles, is situated on the Gran Chaco, in the centre of South America, and is partly enclosed by the rivers Paraguay and Pilcomayo, the latter marking the Argentine frontier. This region has a sparse population, consisting of a few whites and people of mixed race and a large number of Indians, but it is rich in natural resources. The pampas provides excellent pasturage for cattle. One of its products is tannin. Another is chloride of soda, and there are said to be deposits of petrol. Attempts to settle the dispute have been made ever since 1877.

By Courtesy of Mr. Stewart E. McMillin, formerly American Consul at La Paz (Bolivia); and the "National Geographic Magazine" (Washington). Photographs Nos. 2, 3, and 5, by Luis D. Gismondi; Nos. 6 and 7 by Gerstmann.

THE MONGOLIAN ZAM FESTIVAL: MUSIC; MASKS; DANCES; AN INCARNATION IN A CHILD.



SIMILAR TO THE TIBETAN INSTRUMENTS SEEN IN LONDON WITH THE "EVEREST" FILM: TWO GIGANTIC TRUMPETS RESTING ON DECORATIVE STANDS, FOR SACRED MUSIC AT A MONGOLIAN MONASTERY.



THE TEMPLE ORCHESTRA: ENORMOUS TRUMPETS SUPPORTED AT THE ENDS BY BOYS; AND PERFORMERS WITH OTHER INSTRUMENTS.



IN A DEVIL'S MASK FAINTLY REMINISCENT OF AN AIRMAN'S ALTITUDE HELMET (SEE FRONT PAGE): A RELIGIOUS DANCER AT THE ZAM FESTIVAL.



ENTHRONED BEFORE A STATUE OF BUDDHA: ONE OF THE MONGOLIAN TEMPLE DIGNITARIES AT THE BUDDHIST MONASTERY OF USERSKY-DAZAN.



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE FEARSOME MASKS WORN BY MONGOLIAN RELIGIOUS DANCERS: AN ELABORATELY CLAD PERFORMER.



"BLOW UP THE TRUMPET . . . UPON OUR SOLEMN FEAST DAY": TWO MEMBERS OF A MONGOLIAN TEMPLE ORCHESTRA, IN THEIR REMARKABLE HEAD-DRESS SHAPED LIKE ANTIQUE HELMETS.



WIND-INSTRUMENTS THAT REQUIRED CONSIDERABLE LUNG-POWER: A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF TWO PERFORMERS IN A MONGOLIAN TEMPLE ORCHESTRA OPERATING ON THE MOUTH-PIECES OF THEIR TRUMPETS.



AN INCARNATION OF THE "GREAT IMMORTAL WHITE LAMA" IN A MONGOLIAN BABE: THE TWO-YEAR-OLD "HOLY LAMA" (BORN IN THE HOUR OF HIS PREDECESSOR'S DEATH) WORSHIPPED AS A DIVINE BEING AT THE USERSKY-DAZAN MONASTERY.

While we are keeping Christmas, it is interesting to see how a religious feast is celebrated among the Buddhist monks of Mongolia, with their weird masks worn in sacred dances, and their curious musical instruments, including trumpets of enormous length, similar to those played by Tibetans in London a year or two ago, on the stage of the Philharmonic Hall, in connection with a film of the Mount Everest expedition. Mongolia, it may be recalled, figured in current news a few weeks ago, when Mongol raids occurred on the border of Manchuria, but the reports of these raids were afterwards said to have been much exaggerated. In describing the above photographs, our correspondent who sends them writes: "The first pictures ever to be obtained of the interior of a Buddhist monastery were made recently when the head of Buddhist Lamaism in Mongolia, Bandito-Kambo-Lama, consented to pictures being taken inside the famous Usersky-Dazan Monastery, where a two-year-old child resides as the 'Holy Lama.' This child was born in the same hour as the former 'Holy Lama' died, and, according to a legend, the soul of the 'Great Immortal White Lama' is said to have entered at that time into the body of the little boy, who is now regarded as the incarnated Being and worshipped. Until this child reaches man's estate, Bandito-Kambo-Lama will continue to act as head of Mongolian Lamaism." The author of "A Tour in Mongolia" (Methuen)—Beatrix Bulstrode (Mrs. E. M. Gull)—gives an interesting description of dances such as those here illustrated. "The Dance of the Gods," she writes, "which took place in the spacious outer courtyard of the temple, was similar in effect to the Devil Dances I had watched at the Lama temple in Peking. The ground was marked out in sections, and all operations were directed towards a canopy of yellow silk ornamented with conventional devices in blue, beneath which the throne of the Hut'ukt'u was placed. . . . (Probably) the scenes are a representation in pantomime of incidents in the early history of Buddhism. The dancers are masked to represent the gods, and they prance about the chalked-in area to the strains of Tibetan trumpets and other weird sounds."

FROM THE STRING-WORKED BREAD-

Reproductions from "Children's Toys of Bygone Days."



1. THE "INFAMOUS" TOY GOETHE ASKED HIS MOTHER TO BUY FOR HIS SON, AUGUST; BUT MET WITH A REFUSAL: A MODEL GUILLOTINE (HEIGHT, 43 IN.; ABOUT 1794).



2. A FORM OF PLAYTHING FAMILIAR TO YOUNGSTERS OF MANY ERAS, INCLUDING THAT OF THE TROJAN WAR: TOY SOLDIERS—IN THIS CASE OF TIN AND FROM STRASBURG (FIRST HALF OF XIXTH CENT.).



3. COMPLETE WITH CANNON: TOY WARRIORS FROM THE NUREMBERG OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—SOMEWHAT ELABORATE TIN FIGURES ON STANDS.



4. PROBABLY MORE PLEASING TO THE PARENT THAN TO THE CHILD, WHO IS LIKELY TO HAVE BEEN FORBIDDEN TO TOUCH — AND TO BREAK! A CLOCKWORK CARRIAGE OF LEAD (GERMAN; EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).



5. AN EXAMPLE OF THE PORTRAIT TOY: FREDERICK THE GREAT—A TIN FIGURE BY J. HILPERT (5 IN. HIGH; 1777).



6. DATING FROM THE GERMANY OF THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: TIN SOLDIERS OF THE TYPE PRODUCED IN THE MASS BY THE HILPERTS AND OTHERS (5 IN. HIGH.)

7. A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH TOY, "THE FORE-FATHER OF ALL LATER TIN SOLDIERS": A TIN KNIGHT IN ARMOUR, NOW TO BE SEEN IN THE CLUNY. (HEIGHT, 2¼ IN.).





8. ONCE OWNED BY THE SON OF LOUIS XVI.: A TOY CANNON WHICH ENABLED THE YOUNGSTER TO FOLLOW IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF HIS TOY-LOVING ANCESTORS (HEIGHT, 5⅞TH IN.; END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).

9. IN WOOD, AN EVER-POPULAR MATERIAL WHOSE USE HAS MEANT THE LOSS OF COUNTLESS MILLIONS OF THE TOYS OF BYGONE DAYS: GRÖDEN POODLES (XIXTH CENT.)



As is noted in our review on another page, "Children's Toys of Bygone Days: A History of Playthings of all Peoples from Prehistoric Times to the XIXth Century" is a work of the greatest possible fascination, and most certainly deserves to be one of the "best-sellers." It has no fewer than three hundred and eighteen illustrations, and the text supplements the pictures very excellently. The information in the following notes, referring to certain of the particular items shown, is taken from it. (1) In December, 1793, Goethe asked his mother to get such a toy guillotine for his son, August. In a very decided reply, Frau Goethe refused to buy such an "infamous implement of murder." (2 and 3) The toy soldier is of most respectable antiquity. Indeed, as is noted in our article, little "Homeric warriors" were kept in "Trojan horses" in ancient times. The tin soldier proper was in existence in the Middle Ages, but he was not made in the mass until Andreas Hilpert, of Coburg, tackled him in 1760, or thereabouts. (10) The rattle, the clapper, and the doll are, perhaps, the oldest forms of toys; but the earliest known true immobile toys are a pig (or it may be a porcupine), and a lion, from the excavation made for the foundation-stone of a temple

KNEADER OF 2000 B.C. TO THE TIN SOLDIER: ANCIENT TOYS.

By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. B. T. Batsford. (See Review on Page 1180.)



10. ONE OF THE TOYS OF ALL PERIODS: CLAY ANIMALS AS RATTLES—IN THIS CASE, FROM A ROMAN PROVINCE AND DATING FROM ABOUT THE YEAR 200 A.D. (HEIGHT, 4¼ IN.).



11. A VERY EARLY MECHANICAL TOY OF A TYPE THAT HAS PERSISTED THROUGH MANY CENTURIES: A LEAD TIGER WITH MOVABLE JAWS (EGYPTIAN; ABOUT 1100 B.C.; HEIGHT, 1⅛TH IN.)



12. THE EARLIEST KNOWN MECHANICAL TOY: A WOODEN BREAD-KNEADER FROM EGYPT, WORKED BY A STRING (ABOUT 2000 B.C.; HEIGHT, 4⅛TH IN.).



13. OF THE SAME PERIOD AS THE EGYPTIAN BREAD-KNEADER: A MOVABLE "NEGRO AND ANIMAL" TOY FROM EGYPT—"A FETTERED SLAVE AT WHOM A WILD BEAST IS TEARING" (ABOUT 2000 B.C.; HEIGHT, 4 IN.).



14. A FIGURE OF THE KIND WHICH HAD CAVITIES FOR COINS IN ITS BREAST: A GOTHIC CLAY DOLL (ABOUT 1450 A.D.)



15. A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF THE TROJAN HORSES THAT CONTAINED MINIATURE BANDS OF HOMERIC WARRIORS? A WOODEN HORSE ON WHEELS (GERMAN; END OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY; HEIGHT, 23⅞TH IN.).



16. THE DOLL AS A MANNEQUIN FROM FRANCE: A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF THE FASHION DOLL (END OF THE XVIIIth. CENTURY; HEIGHT, 29½ IN.).

begun in Susa in about 1100 B.C. There is no *circa* to their date. (12) The Egyptian bread-kneader of which we give a picture is the earliest known *mechanical* toy, and of a type that has continued in popularity. It is now in the Leyden Museum. It has jointed arms and legs, and kneads dough on a sloping board when a string is pulled. (14) Writing of dolls of this type, Mr. Gröber says: "On the breast they almost all have a circular depression which is meant to hold a piece of money. This leads one to think that they were perhaps the first presents of a godparent to the child at its baptism, and held the christening coin in this cavity. (16) Once more to quote our authority: "The doll of earlier days charmed by the splendour and originality of its dress. It was often, in fact, the latest creations—namely, the fashion doll. As early as 1391 the Queen of England had dolls sent to her which should show the modes then reigning at the Court of France." Many such puppets eventually passed, of course, from the mother to the child, and became proper playthings.

PLAYTHINGS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF "CHILDREN'S TOYS OF BYGONE DAYS." By KARL GRÖBER.*

PUBLISHED BY B. T. BATSFORD.

THERE is sad news from Fascism-land. The black-shirted Federation of Artisans is seeking to suppress the Christmas Tree and to substitute for it the Manger of Italy: this, they say, that the art of making these traditional Cribs may not be lost and that craftsmen may benefit. Even the priests, or some of them, are pulpiteering against the "righteous branch." No longer would they have it echoed: "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary." It is enough to compel an honoured and venerable gentleman of our acquaintance to throw aside his red robe and his sack, call in the steeple-jack, and hand over his reindeers to the Zoo!

If they succeed, these Nationalists, the youngsters will not thank them. The tinsel and the glittering glass balls, the candles and the candles, the well-covered, lavishly-stringed gifts, those are of the rapture of childhood. The Manger, what is it to the crowing babe? To the elders it is a symbol, a perfect symbol; and possibly a delight to the eye. But it is not a toy, a plaything to be cuddled and broken, as all good toys must be, and stuck together again, and broken again. The Manger: rosemary for those who can remember and reverence and cherish in a case; to the tiny mind—rue.

For there is no saner Seasonal joke than that which is based each Mid-Summer (when the artists are cudgelling their brains, cleaning their brushes, and sharpening their pencils, for the Annuals) on parental purloining of the stockings' contents—just to see if the clockwork is functioning properly; if the engine will take the curves as guaranteed in three languages; if the drum is taut; if the dolly's clothes really "take off and on" as they should; if the serpent's egg does indeed wriggle cunningly on a plate in sinuous answer to the persuasive flame! And that is wrong, utterly wrong. It always has been and it always will be.

Possession is ten parts of the law of infants. Far, far better to own than to see. That is the wisdom of the sages. The grown-ups may evolve the most intricate of amusements, set mannikins a-move, build their dwarf homes and shops, model meticulously, imitate and adorn: their labour of love will avail them nothing if they do not allow its fruits to be plucked fondly and ruthlessly by fingers not yet taught to touch tenderly as though the fairy-world of their hearts' desires were a fragile specimen for the enrichment of a cabinet. There is magic in the common form; in the bizarre there is boredom.

That is why—and thanks be for the reason—that so few children's toys have been preserved; so few things unmistakably and entirely the toys of children: the dwellers on the nursery floor are short-lived—are of those who, being beloved of the gods, die young.

That is why the "Book of Children's Toys of Bygone Days" has to confess that it numbers amongst its treasures many a father-and-mother plaything flaunting its precisions, prunes, and prisms among the gaudinesses and the honourable scars of the dream-friends of the child. Very fine they are, too, these "object-lessons"—the faultless dolls' houses, the flawless fashion-wearers, the religious "sets," and the rest. Very faithfully they reflect the customs and costumes of their times; very prettily they pose for posterity. But, let it be said again, they are not true toys.

Who and what are they, that they should pretend a purpose that was never theirs? Back to the shelves with them; let the vagabonds from the box reign in their stead. Let them be content with their Gothic and Rococo and Baroque elegancies, and not attempt to rival and revile the sawdust, the stuffing, and the green wood, the crudities of lead or tin betters, the dingy garments of silent, eloquent playmates. Especially the dolls who were the mannequins of their day, dressed in the fripperies their mistresses might covet; let them repent that they did not meet their happiest fate—the cradling in chubby arms, the sharing of the cot, the jamminess and the grime of velvet fingers, the Dolls' Hospital and the pot of glue.

Thus, they would have shamed still more the "fantasies" made to move by fluttering, imprisoned birds; and that other monstrous offering, the model guillotine contrived during the French Revolution that "little patriots could behead figures of aristocrats." Frau Goethe had something to say about this, by the way. "These were not models, but pure toys," it is written; "and in proof of this we have King's evidence from one whom we should never suspect of wishing to give so blood-thirsty a toy to his little son. This was no other than Goethe. In December 1793, he asks his mother in Frankfurt to get him such a toy guillotine for his son August; and in her reply he certainly got some home truths. In her decisive manner she wrote to him by return post: 'Dear Son,—Anything I can do to please you is gladly done and gives me joy—but to buy such an infamous implement of murder—that I will not do at any price. If I had authority, the maker should be put in the stocks and I would have the machine publicly burnt by the common executioner. What! Let the young play with anything so horrible—place in their hands for their diversion murder and blood-shedding? No, that will never do!'"

So downright a person would probably have ordained a *tabu* on toy soldiers—wooden, tin, or lead, in the flat or in the round, plain or "tuppence coloured"; but there she would have had greater difficulty in enforcing her will. The toy soldier has so much tradition behind his swaggering figure that he would have defeated even her! He has existed throughout the ages and he persists to-day, League of Nations and Lugano notwithstanding.

Sometimes he was a guard for a master dead and turned to clay, or black with bitumen and in mummy swathings. More often, however, he was what he is now, cannon-fodder for the small boy and his sister. There is proof that he drilled and marched in ancient Greece and Rome. "Wooden soldiers existed. What they looked like is clear from the numerous clay figures of horsemen, etc., which have survived, and which were certainly used as toys. We can indeed safely conclude that though some of these figures were made for funeral offerings, they were similar in form to the toys of the period. As a place in which to keep these little soldiers there were Trojan horses, which could give shelter, in their bodies, to a band of Homeric warriors. We know further, from reports of later antiquity, that in the neighbourhood of ancient Troy such Trojan horses were made and offered for sale to visitors to the ruins of the celebrated city as presents for their children. . . ."

Still older, much older, is the doll. In the British Museum are "puppets" from the Egypt that was some two thousand years before Christ—veritable dolls, not attendants in the after-life: "A thin board is cut into the rough shape of a human figure, the face is conventionally painted in, and the rest of the figure is marked with a geometrical pattern to represent clothing; on the head is stuck strings of wooden beads to represent hair. It is the most primitive form of the doll, and makes its appearance among all peoples." It cannot claim, however, that its title to be recognised as the earliest existing toy is clear. There is a *circa* before its given date, which is the same as that of the bread-kneader from Egypt which is the oldest *mechanical* toy known, and is illustrated on pages 1178-1179. The honour is elsewhere. Our authority writes: "In about the year B.C. 1100 there was laid in Susa, in Persia, the foundation-stone of a temple. The onlookers threw into the excavation small objects made of all manner of materials; and among these pious offerings there were found two little animals made of white limestone: a little pig—or could it be a porcupine?—and a small lion on a stand with wheels. The little animals could be drawn about by a string which was threaded through a hole in the stand. Little and insignificant as these two objects may be, they are yet of the greatest importance as representing the earliest children's toys which we can definitely date."

Their "heirs, executors, and assigns" have been as innumerable as they have been variable. Many originated in that lawyers' "Time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary"; others were of their hour and generation, though, once they had come into being, they remained in more or less recognisable shape. Among the former are not only the doll, the rattle, and the clapper; but horses and carts and hobby-horses; beasts of the fields and birds of the air; and miniature furniture and household utensils: "That

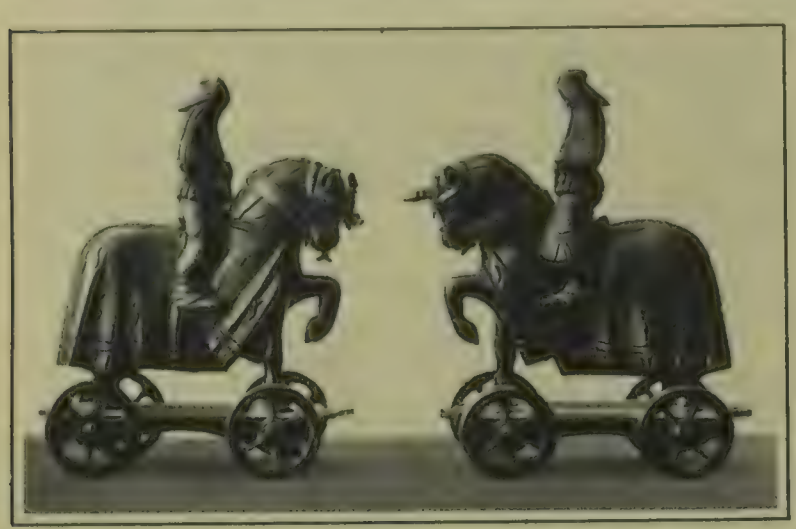
[Continued on Page 1220



THE CRUELLEST OF TOYS: FIGURES MADE TO MOVE BY THE IMPRISONMENT WITHIN THEM OF LIVING, FLUTTERING BIRDS.

These date from the eighteenth century. A German catalogue of the period says of one example: "No one would imagine that a living bird was inside, but would suppose that it was clock-work which made the head, eyes, and beak of the bird move."

Illustrations reproduced from "Children's Toys of Bygone Days," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd.



BUILT THAT THEY MIGHT BE DRAWN AGAINST ONE ANOTHER AND MEET AS IN A TOURNEY: TOY KNIGHTS IN BRONZE—GERMAN; ABOUT 1520.

"Figures of knights were cast in bronze. . . . There is a pair of these knights in excellent preservation in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. They, too, are on wheels, and by an ingenious arrangement of strings could be pulled against each other in such a manner that they were bound to meet. The lances were probably made of some soft wood, and splintered on impact, by which the illusion of a real tourney was still further heightened."



TILTING-KNIGHT TOYS—AND OTHER GAMES: DIVERSIONS OF THE YOUNG KAISER MAXIMILIAN I.—FROM A WOODCUT, BY HANS BURGKMAIR, DATING FROM ABOUT 1515.

Needless to say, the knight made his appearance among the toys of the sixteenth century. "One of these little figures with its armour-clad horse is preserved in the Bavarian National Museum in Munich. . . . It is clear from Burgkmair's drawing how this elegant toy was used. Two such knights were placed on a table facing each other with lances couched. The children then each pushed his knight against that of the other, trying so to strike his opponent as to heave him from his saddle."

* "Children's Toys of Bygone Days: A History of Playthings of All Peoples from Prehistoric Times to the Nineteenth Century." By Karl Gröber. English Version by Philip Hereford. Containing 318 Illustrations, including many Full-Page Plates, of which 12 are in Full Colour, and various Line Illustrations in the Historical and Descriptive Text. (B. T. Batsford, Ltd.; 32s. net.)

"THE BEST MONUMENT FOUND IN PALESTINE": DOG *VERSUS* LION.

Copyright Photograph by Courtesy of Dr. Alan Rowe, Field Director of the Pennsylvania University Museum Expedition to Palestine.



THE LION OF NERGAL VANQUISHED BY A TEMPLE'S GUARDIAN DOG: A MASTERPIECE OF ABOUT 1500 B.C.

In sending us this remarkably interesting photograph of what he describes as "probably the best monument ever found in Palestine," Dr. Alan Rowe writes: "It is a basalt panel, three feet high, discovered near the south end of the great temple of the god Mekal, in the level of Thothmes III. (1501-1447 B.C.) at Beisan, the Beth-shan of the Old Testament, by the Palestine Expedition of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. The panel is divided into two registers, and is sculptured in high relief. The upper register depicts a lion fighting with a dog. On the shoulder of the lion is a star, the indication of a superior being. The lion is the classic Assyro-Babylonian lion, and here represents Nergal, the god of plague and death. As the panel was probably placed against the door of the temple, the dog thus guards the entry against the lion, who brings death. The dog is like the dogs employed in the hunt, the finest specimens of which are conserved for us in the splendid sculptures in the Palace of Ashurbanipal at Nineveh. The lower register depicts the majestic lion of Nergal attacked by a dog, who is biting his back. The lion has a star on his shoulder, and is growling in rage. Compare Amos iii, 8: 'The lion hath roared; who will not fear?' In Biblical times, as is seen from Jeremiah xl, 19, lions were present in the Jordan Valley. The upper register seems to show the lion trying to enter the temple, and the lower register, the same animal being driven away from it."

HOW MEN LEARNT TO TALK:

HUMAN SPEECH AS ORIGINALLY A METHOD OF EXPRESSION BY GESTURE.

By SIR RICHARD PAGET, BT., F. Inst. P., M.R.I. *(See also Illustrations on opposite page.)*

HUMAN speech is the result of a variety of movements made by the muscles which control the lungs (to force the air up our windpipes), and by the true and false vocal cords, the soft palate, tongue, lips, and jaw. The purpose of these complicated movements is to react on the emotions and minds of other individuals so that they tend to develop an emotional state in sympathy with our own, or to become aware of what we intend them to know or to do.

The same operations occur in the animal world—emotional state being commonly communicated by sound, while information is transmitted by means of gesture. Thus, among insects, the crickets *sing* love songs—like the birds and the cats; while the crawfish makes an angry bark by scraping his feelers across a file-like surface between his eyes.

As to imparting information, Professor von Frisch has shown that the bees inform their colleagues that they have found good nectar or good pollen by performing a special kind of dance on the floor of the honeycomb. The gesture for good honey is a dance figure something like this (on left) while the figure for good pollen (on right) is a figure of eight.





The fly empis makes his courtship flight carrying a large egg-shaped parcel, which contains a smaller dead fly which he presents to his lady-love.

Several of our British birds present their intended brides with a sample of the nesting material—for example, Savi's warbler and the grasshopper warbler; while, in the case of the crested grebe, whose courtship customs have been especially studied by Professor Julian Huxley, the lady asserts her right to equality and presents a specimen of waterweed to her lover while he does the same to her. It is not suggested that these gestures are intentional—the point is that they are natural and that they commonly result in inducing the appropriate reaction in the other party.



THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE: SIR RICHARD PAGET SPEAKING THROUGH ONE OF THE ARTIFICIAL THROATS (CAPABLE OF IMITATING ALL VOWEL SOUNDS) EXHIBITED DURING HIS LECTURE AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Dogs commonly convey information by gesture—as, for example, the fox-terrier Joseph in my own household, who is shown inviting the cook, his mistress, to take him out for a walk, and who makes sure by first getting her well under way, and then leading her out in the desired direction.

Amongst mankind, gesture language is naturally used by deaf mutes as a substitute for speech. The accompanying photograph shows a typical deaf mute's gesture for sunlight. In the case of human speech the gestures which convey the intended message are made, not with the hands and body, but with the tongue, lips, soft palate, and other movable parts of the mouth and throat.

The manner in which these gestures arose was—I suggest—somewhat as follows: Man originally grunted and roared and croooned and laughed, to express his various emotions, and he gesticulated with his hands and body as a whole to express his ideas.

Quite unconsciously, his tongue and lips took part in the general pantomime—just as a child's tongue often does when its youthful owner is learning to write. So there grew up a tongue-pantomime alongside of the hand-pantomime of primitive man.

Man then found that, if he grunted or blew through his mouth, the movements of his tongue and lips altered the character of the grunt or the blowing sound, so that the mouth gesture could be recognised by its characteristic sound. In this way man first became able to communicate in the dark, or when his correspondent was out of sight.

Then, as he became more and more of a craftsman, and his hands became constantly occupied in the use of tools and weapons, our primitive ancestors gradually gave up their original hand-gestures and relied almost entirely on the corresponding mouth-gestures which they had unconsciously evolved.

Thus, it may be imagined, the Southern races, who lived in easy climatic conditions with ample hand-leisure, continued to use much of their original hand-gesture. On the other hand, the Northern races, who waged a sterner fight with Nature, were obliged to use their hands to provide themselves with food, shelter, and protection from their enemies. They therefore learned to speak largely without hand-gesture. If this theory be true, we should expect to find that words for actions and ideas common to primitive man were produced by the same or by analogous tongue and lip gestures all over the world.

Up to the present time there has only been a preliminary examination of some six language groups—the Aryan group, which includes practically all the European languages; the Semitic group, which includes Hebrew and Arabic; the Chinese; the ancient Sumerian, as spoken at Ur of the Chaldees; the Polynesian and allied languages; and the so-called Hoka group, which is spoken by the natives near the west coast of North America. In several cases, words of the same gesture and meaning have been found in all these languages.

The earliest form of human speech—like the simplest form of deaf-mute sign-language—must have been a universal form, which everybody could understand. But, as groups of deaf mutes living together quickly evolve special signs and establish conventions which only themselves can understand, and which newcomers have to *learn*, so we may imagine that the various tribes of man quickly evolved special mouth-gestures. It was in this way that the various human languages were evolved.

We should also expect that when man first attempted to draw pictures or symbols to represent his ideas, the pictures would show some relation to the gestures (of hand or mouth) by which man was accustomed to describe the same ideas. There is already some evidence of such a relation. Our so-called Arabic numerals—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0—were probably invented in India. If we examine the early forms and names of the symbols, we find in most cases a fairly obvious relation between them. For example—

ONE was presumably represented by holding up one finger. The corresponding mouth gesture was to hold up the tongue: this made a sound like OIN (if the tongue was held up tight against the palate) or AS (if the tongue was brought more forward). It is from these root words that our words "one" and "ace" are derived.



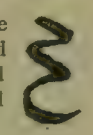
A TYPICAL DEAF-MUTE GESTURE: THE METHOD OF REGISTERING "SUNSHINE" POSED FOR THE CINEMATOGRAPH CAMERA.

TWO was represented by protruding the two lips—the corresponding word was DU or BI—according as the lips were separated or brought together. Hence our words "duet" and "bicycle." The early symbol (on left) probably represented a still earlier symbol (right).

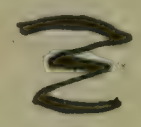




THREE was pantomimed by the tongue shown between the two lips and then withdrawn. The resulting word was TRI or THRI—the symbol was, as shown on the right—representing (presumably) an earlier symbol written







FOUR was symbolised by the hand held thus—



The written symbol was as (top right) or as (bottom right) representing a hand (like the Roman symbol V. for 5, which also represents a hand, but with the thumb struck off) and the word was QU-AT. Here, as I suggest, the QU made with protruded lips represented the four fingers protruded out, while the AT—made by thrusting the tongue across the mouth from floor to roof, represented the movement of the thumb across the palm of the hand.



Eight of the ten symbols can already be explained in this way.

Early man had the unfettered imagination of childhood—it was easy and natural for him to express himself by a symbolism of hand and tongue, which to our sophisticated minds appears nowadays to be fantastic and far-fetched.

But what else could he do? He had to find, somewhere or other, the material for building a bridge between mind and matter, and he used the only timber available—such stuff as dreams are made on!

SPEECH BORN OF GESTURE: SIR RICHARD PAGET'S LECTURE ILLUSTRATED.

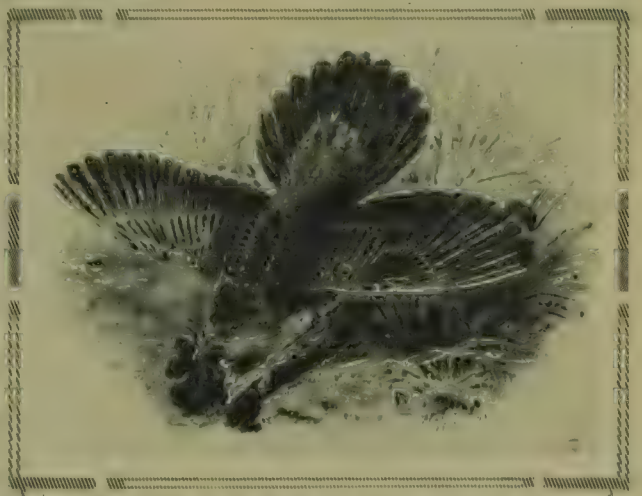
Photographs Nos. 1 and 3 from Eliot Howard's "British Warblers"; No. 2 from Meisenheimer's "Geschlect und geschlechter" (Published by Fischer in Jena); Nos. 7, 8, and 9 by Courtesy of Professor Julian S. Huxley. (See Article Opposite.)



1. A MALE SAVI'S WARBLER IN ONE OF HIS "COURTSHIP" ATTITUDES, HOLDING A LEAF IN HIS BEAK AS A GIFT FOR HIS BRIDE. (*Drawing by H. Grönvold.*)



2. LADEN WITH A PARCEL CONTAINING A DEAD FLY FOR HIS LADY-LOVE: A MALE EMPIS IN FLIGHT. (*After Aldrich and Turley.*)



3. WITH A LEAF IN ITS BEAK: A GRASSHOPPER WARBLER IN ITS "COURTSHIP" DISPLAY (LIKE THAT OF THE SUN-BITTERN AND KAGU). (*Drawing by H. Grönvold.*)



4. HOW A DOG SAYS, "COME OUT INTO THE SUNSHINE": THE FOX-TERRIER JOSEPH PULLING MRS. WRIGHT (SIR RICHARD PAGET'S COOK) OUT OF THE SCULLERY DOOR.



5. THE FOX-TERRIER'S METHOD OF SAYING, "GET A MOVE ON": JOSEPH GETTING MRS. WRIGHT STARTED IN THE DESIRED DIRECTION.



6. A CANINE GESTURE EXPRESSIVE OF THE IDEA, "KEEP MOVING": JOSEPH WITH MRS. WRIGHT, HIS MISTRESS, WELL UNDER WAY.



7. LOUISIANA HERONS IN THE CEREMONY OF NEST-RELIEF: AN EXAMPLE OF COMMUNICATION BY GESTURE AMONG BIRDS.



8. CRESTED GREBES COURTING: THE LADY CLAIMS EQUALITY BY RECIPROCATING A GIFT OF WEED.



9. ANOTHER PHASE OF THE CEREMONY OF NEST-RELIEF PERFORMED BY LOUISIANA HERONS: NATURAL GESTURES THAT INDUCE APPROPRIATE REACTION.

These photographs illustrate Sir Richard Paget's article on the opposite page, which embodies the substance of his lecture, delivered at the Royal Institution on December 6, on "Human Speech as originally a method of Expression by Gesture." In a second lecture, on the 13th, he discussed "Human Speech as a Musical Phenomenon: Some Conclusions and Agenda." In the course of his first lecture, Sir Richard took a number of examples of communication by gesture in the animal world, as among dogs, birds in their courtship displays, and insects. As an instance of how dogs convey information by gesture, he described the amusing behaviour of a fox-terrier, named Joseph, in his own household, when he wanted the cook to take him for a walk, as shown in the above photographs. In regard to birds, Sir Richard mentioned the present-giving gestures of Savi's warbler, the Grasshopper Warbler, and the Crested Grebe, as a mode of courting their mates. Some insects, such as the Empis fly, do much the same, while bees announce the discovery of good nectar or pollen by performing a special kind of dance. Sir Richard concluded that human speech originally arose from gestures of the mouth and lips, which became recognised later by their sounds.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

MR. MILES MANDER AND MISS MADELEINE CARROLL.

MILES MANDER, actor, novelist, and playwright, has not only collaborated in a screen adaptation of his own play, lifted from his own book, but has himself directed the picture in which he plays a leading part! Such versatility would in itself have aroused curiosity, had not Mr. Mander's outstanding work in "The Fake" and other British films already shown us that here is a man with an extraordinary feeling for the screen and for the possibilities of pictorial drama. One felt that one might expect a freshness of vision in Mr. Mander as a producer, and a vitality that is often lacking in our films. For once expectations have not run too high. The new Gainsborough picture, "The First-Born," is a fine, at moments even a brilliant, production. The story itself is neither very novel nor particularly edifying. It would be easy to find flaws in it, easy to talk about the "long arm of coincidence," easy to dismiss the heroine (as I heard her dismissed by a member of the audience at the private showing of the film) as "a silly little fool." Yet the fact remains that we were held by the history of the little fool from first to last, resentful of her sufferings, interested in her fate. And that was in a great measure due to the skill with which Mr. Mander has built up his story, the eloquence which he has extracted from silent situations, the dramatic tension which he has been able to create by odd and striking angles of vision. It was also due to the remarkable performance of the little fool given by Miss Madeleine Carroll. For Mr. Mander has not only revealed himself as a producer to be reckoned with, he has also revealed an emotional actress who should go far. I must confess that I have hitherto regarded the screen "discovery," Miss Madeleine Carroll, as a charming and graceful young girl with, whenever necessary, a wistful look in her eyes: nothing more. In "The First-Born" she is set a task that many a more experienced actress might have found beyond her power to render convincingly. She has to portray a young wife, alluring enough to keep a devoted lover ever at her elbow only for the sake of serving her, and with no hope of the reward that does eventually come to him. She has to convince us—as well as him—of a love for her worthless husband so supreme that time and again she forgives the unforgiveable, passes over a gross insult, finding no better answer than a plea for his affection. Even more, she takes the blame of their frequent quarrels on her own shoulders, begging him, whom we know to be the transgressor, for forgiveness. And all the while she has to make us understand her, believe her, be charmed by her. She succeeds. She succeeds because she is—or seems—utterly sincere and because she is human. It is Mr. Mander, the producer, who has allowed this pretty, adoring little wife to be human; allowed her to get into tempers, allowed her to skip for joy when her husband is elected, though the triumph follows hard on the heels of a terrible scene between the two; allowed her even to be unladylike enough to throw things at her husband in her helpless rage. It is Miss Carroll, the actress, who has made these things ring true. She has to strike many notes in "The First-Born," although the major one is wifely love: mother-love, a momentary wavering towards a devotion she cannot find in her husband, despair, agony, even an insinuating cunning born of a plot to fetch her errant husband back to her side. Miss Carroll, well directed, well and always becomingly presented (a great point this!), responds to them all. This young artist has come to the very front ranks—still somewhat thin—of our film actresses with this performance.



A CHARMING CHRISTMAS FILM FANTASY: "THE MAGIC CLOCK," WITH PUPPET PLAYERS, AT THE RIALTO—THE TWELVE KNIGHTS COMING TO LIFE.

"The Magic Clock," now at the Rialto, and to be released for general production on December 31, has won a chorus of praise as an ideal Christmas film fantasy, attractive alike to children and grown-ups. It is a fairy story about an old watchmaker who, aided by his daughter, has made a marvellous clock with myriads of tiny figures—king, princess, knights, dragon, gnomes, elves, insects, and birds. At midnight the clock comes to life, and they all begin their adventures. Many of them are puppets, worked on the marionette principle. It is a Universal picture, produced by Louis Nalpas and directed by Ladislas Starevitch.

On the production side, the film contains, side by side with a few experiments that are interesting rather than definitely successful, a number of memorable impressions. Thus we are given a delightful setting for the first meeting of the lonely young wife and the man with whom she ultimately finds happiness: an intimate dinner-party, no other light in the room except the candles on the table. Face after face is revealed to us, smiling over the crystal and the flowers, between the tall silver candlesticks. We get at once an atmosphere of warmth and luxury, we feel the current that impels the eyes of the two young people to meet and linger. In sharp contrast to this is the hot huddle in a dancing-saloon somewhere in Africa, a place of ominous shadows. Finally, the tragedy of the husband's crash to death in the deep well of a lift-shaft is brought to the screen with amazing vividness. As we follow that swift and terrible descent we see not only the lights of the various landings flashing past, but the brain pictures that jostle each other in the doomed man's mind. The effect is dramatically heightened by the laughing arrival of an unsuspecting couple in the lift itself, immediately after the accident. Mr. Mander is evidently a man of imagination, but he has a firm hand on the reins, and refrains from using his "effects" merely for the sake of their effect (except in one case, a bird's-eye view of a dinner-table which is amusing but meaningless); nor does he play with light and shade just for the sake of a pattern. He knows he has a story to tell, a modern, rather ruthless, melodrama, not a fairy-tale. So he uses all his imaginative skill to point that story and to intensify the atmosphere. Naturally, he is merely following in the footsteps of the best film-producers in this respect. But it would appear to be no easy matter for the young producer of imagination to "stick to the 'osses"; and, when an original mind is allied to self-restraint, we are justified in hailing the arrival of a new force amongst our film-makers.

MOVIECOLOUR.

The coming of colour to the screen has long been foreshadowed. Parts of full-sized pictures have been rendered in colour—a mistaken policy, to my mind, since the eye, having become accustomed to seeing shades of colour in the usual black and white of moving pictures, is disconcerted by the sudden irruption of actual colour. Douglas Fairbanks, greatly daring, gave us an entire picture in colour, "The Black Pirate." The admirable choice of his subject, with the rich tints of weather-stained wood and bronzed sea-scoundrels, disguised and even demanded the general impression of warm browns and reds which this exhilarating picture created. Then we are all familiar with the pretty-pretty landscapes, generally "somewhere in France," with very blue streams and very red roofs. These, like the latest Parisian modes displayed for the delectation of Eve, are mainly coloured films in which the camera is not responsible for the colouring.

But at the New Gallery the other day, chance introduced me to a series of coloured pictures which appeared to me both charming and lifelike. True, in the larger landscapes there seems a lack of perspective as regards the skyline, or perhaps a lack of transparency in the celestial blue itself. At any rate, whilst the sunshine plays and ripples on the objects or the people disporting themselves in the foreground, the sky closes in like a solid screen, blocking out rather than transfusing light. But this, I take it, is an easily remedied fault in a system that has already achieved so much. Known as the Keller-Blattner system, these new "Moviecolour" pictures owe their enhanced realism to a process by which the celluloid ribbon is sensitised and subsequently pressed. The effect of the treatment in the pressing machine is to emboss the film, which thus acquires thousands of prisms to catch the rays of a special lens, and a filtering disc. Apparently these two small accessories—the lens with its three primary colours, so delicately joined as to eliminate all danger of a line being reproduced, and the filtering disc of opaque glass—can be fitted to any camera, without any complicated mechanism to harass the cameraman. Once fitted, the negative disappears and the camera makes its records straight away in the actual colour as the human eye sees it. Some of the results shown at the New Gallery are undoubtedly remarkable. The snow-capped mountains of Switzerland towering above spreading flowery meadows and sparkling lakes are things of beauty. So, too, are the "close-ups" of Swiss flowers, which prove that the Moviecolour process has solved the problem of recording deep blues—hitherto a decided stumbling-block. The bathing beauties in their latest and gayest swimming suits, with the sun dappling their tanned skins, and picking out the high lights of their parti-coloured push-ball, may not share the serene loveliness and certainly not the dignity of that ice-pure Jungfrau of Switzerland, but they certainly show how accurately



THE MARIONETTE PRINCIPLE IN A CHRISTMAS FILM "PANTOMIME": A GNOME AND A DRAGON-FLY IN "THE MAGIC CLOCK," AT THE RIALTO.

the Moviecolour camera can reproduce the flesh-tints, the eyes, the teeth, the whole glittering kaleidoscope of humanity at play. It will be interesting to see whether the advance of the sound-picture will automatically bring about the revolution in the photography itself which the sponsors of "Moviecolour" prophesy. At any rate, the Keller-Blattner system is well on the high-road towards colour perfection.

GUARDS' SPLENDOURS THAT LURED THIEVES: PRE-KHAKI UNIFORMS.

Illustrations 3, 5, 6, and 7 from Prints Shown in the Exhibition at the Parker Gallery, 28, Berkeley Square, W.1.



1. THE KING'S, OR ROYAL, REGIMENT OF GUARDS, 1660.



2. THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS, 1745.



3. AN OFFICER OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, WINTER DRESS, 1830.



4. THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS, 1792..



5. AN OFFICER OF THE 2ND OR COLDSTREAM GUARDS, 1840.



6. PRIVATES OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS, ON SERVICE, 1815.

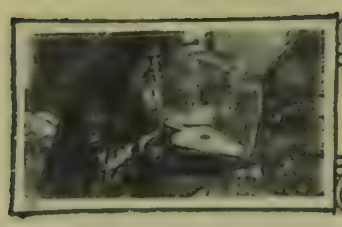


7. GRENADIERS OF THE FOOT GUARDS IN FULL DRESS, 1815.

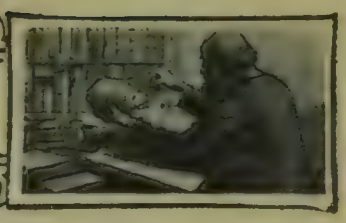


8. SOLDIERS OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF FOOT GUARDS, IN MARCHING ORDER, 1815.

The development of military uniform is a subject of great historical interest, especially that of the days before the adoption of khaki, when splendour and display were considered before comfort and efficiency. For students of this fascinating subject a wealth of material (comprising Naval, Military, and Historical pictures and prints) has been gathered for the exhibition illustrating battles and costumes of the British Army in the past, recently opened at the Parker Gallery. It was arranged to devote the proceeds from the sale of the catalogue to the Star and Garter Home for Disabled Sailors and Soldiers at Richmond. As noted in the Preface: "The costume plates are attractive for tracing the gradual evolution of the uniform, many peculiarities of which are associated with some notable incident in regimental history." Interesting old prints such as these are being eagerly sought by collectors. The period between 1800 and 1840 was particularly notable for magnificence in uniform, and the constant changes followed foreign fashions. So valuable were some of the old uniforms that it became an industry among thievish camp followers to plunder and strip the dead and wounded, at the risk of being caught and hanged.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE GANNET'S DIVE, AND OTHER DIVING BIRDS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

I HAVE been asked to say something here about the gannet and its method of diving, more especially as to whether in its plunge the whole body is submerged. One could write for a week on this subject, and still leave it unexhausted, for one cannot properly appreciate the many and singular features of the gannet's dive until a survey has been made of the art and practice of diving in hosts of creatures that have nothing whatever to do with birds. But let us now confine the discussion to diving-birds, beginning with the gannet.

Only a fortunate few have seen a gannet dive; and of these, again, probably only a very few know that this bird alone among our native species is provided with a series of spacious air-cells between the skin and the body. We have no certain evidence on the point, but it is probable that it serves as a "buffer" when the bird hurls itself down from the sky, with closed wings, like a "bolt from the blue," to cleave the water, as it must, with terrific force. The height of the dive is determined by the depth to be penetrated. Herrings, and other fish near the surface, do not demand the impetus required to reach twelve or fifteen fathoms—that is to say, from seventy-two to ninety feet. That gannets can penetrate so far down is shown by birds which have entangled themselves in fishing-nets sunk to this depth, and are brought up with them.

Terns, among the gull tribe, dive after a like fashion; but they rarely, if ever, completely submerge themselves. The kingfisher is another of these "long-distance" divers; but here the dive is taken from the top of a post, or a branch overhanging the water. The impetus developed suffices to submerge the body, though to no great distance—a mere matter of inches. But surely the most remarkable of all is a little bird which, so far as the shape of its body is concerned, gives no indication that it even lives near water. This is the dipper, a near relation of the little wren of our hedgerows: bluish-black above, with a white gorget, and a broad patch of chestnut on the breast.

Yet you will find it only where there are clear, swift-running streams, such as abound in northern England and Scotland. With short toes, and no webs between them, it can yet swim like a duck, dive under water, and swim with its wings. And more than this, it will then close the wings and run about on the bed of the stream, holding on to the stones with its toes as it turns, this way and that, in its search for aquatic insects! If the little dipper has obtained such a perfect mastery over the initial difficulties of swimming and diving, without any perceptible structural change to attain these ends, how is it that the grebes, divers, and ducks, for example, have become so profoundly affected by like conditions of existence, which have, indeed, impressed themselves in varying degrees of intensity among all the "water-birds," as distinct from the "land-birds"?

Let us begin with the water-hen and the coot



FIG. 1. STANDING ON THEIR HEADS, HALF-SUBMERGED: THE MALLARDS' MODE OF DIVING.

"In the 'surface-feeding ducks' we seem to find an indication of the 'initial stages of the diving habit. Though these birds can scarcely be said to dive, they can yet, as when alarmed by the near presence of an enemy, submerge the body till only the beak projects above the water. I have seen this happen when 'flapper-shooting.'"

(Fig. 2). We are apt to regard a webbed foot as imperative to a water-bird. Yet the water-hen has long, slender toes, with no trace of a web. Nevertheless, it can both swim and dive with the greatest ease. The coots, though lacking webs between the toes, have their surfaces enlarged by lobes of skin on each side. In no other particular do they show any obvious "adaptation" to an aquatic life. Those dainty little birds, the phalaropes, in like manner, have lobes down the toes instead of webbed feet, but they afford no other evidence, to the ordinary observer, of an aquatic habitat.



FIG. 2. GOOD DIVERS, THOUGH NOT WEB-FOOTED: COOTS.

The coots and water-hens are skilled divers, though, like the dipper, they are not web-footed. The downy young, like the downy chicks of the dipper, take to the water, and dive like water-rats, when danger is at their heels.

But matters are very different when we turn to the grebes and divers. Herein the whole structure of the body has become profoundly changed. The grebes have lost their tails, their wings are no longer suitable for prolonged flight. The hip-girdle has assumed an extraordinarily elongated form, and the "legs"—strictly speaking, the feet—have become laterally compressed to an almost "knife-blade" thinness, the better to cleave the water. The thigh has become so shortened as to bring the whole leg to the extreme end of the body, adding immensely to their efficiency as propellers, but making it extremely difficult for them to progress on land, which, indeed, they rarely attempt.

The marine divers, like the red- and black-throated divers, for example, have become still more profoundly changed. They show the same elongated hip-girdle and, besides, an extremely elongated breastbone, which, by the way, in the grebes is, on the contrary, conspicuously short and wide. On land these birds are worse performers than the grebes. They can, indeed, scarcely be said to walk at all, generally contenting themselves by shoving the body along by means of the feet, the breast being driven along over the ground. The only occasion during the year when they need to come ashore is for nesting purposes. And on this account the nursery is placed at the very water's edge. In the grebes it is placed *on* the water. The difficulty of walking, with the divers, is due to the fact that the knee-joint, to give the leg a more powerful stroke, is surmounted by a long spike of bone projecting upwards beyond the joint. The thigh muscles are attached to this, and obtain thereby an immensely increased leverage.

The cormorants are past-masters in the art of diving, but their skeletons are less changed than in the divers, though in their main features they resemble them. In the guillemots and their allies the skeleton (Fig. 3) has become strikingly modified, to serve the ends of swimming and diving. Not only the breast-bone, but also even the ribs, have become extremely elongated. The feet are used in swimming, but during their career under water these birds use the wings, not the feet.

Finally, we come to the swans, geese, and ducks. These show some extremely interesting gradations of modification for swimming and diving. The swans, be it noted, have short legs, but extremely long necks. They "dive" only with the head and neck. It is to reach the bottom of shallow water that the neck has become elongated. The ducks have to be considered in two sections—the "surface-feeding" and the "diving ducks." The former are freshwater species. They "dive" by half-submerging the body, standing on their heads, so to speak, to touch the ground (Fig. 1). Yet, save that they have webbed feet, and a beak and tongue obviously modified specially for an aquatic diet, they have undergone no very striking structural change. With the marine diving-ducks such a change is more apparent, for herein the legs have, by the shortening of the thigh-bone, shifted tail-wards, giving the characteristic uptilt to the body when ashore. They dive both far and well, but with closed wings.

I have space now for no more than the briefest mention of the most striking case of all of adaptation for an aquatic life. And this is furnished by the penguins, wherein the wings have been transformed into "flippers," recalling those of the whale and those old sea-dragons, the ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs. But here the "flippers" are used as propellers — indeed, the penguins may be said to fly under water — but as wings, in the proper sense, they are useless.

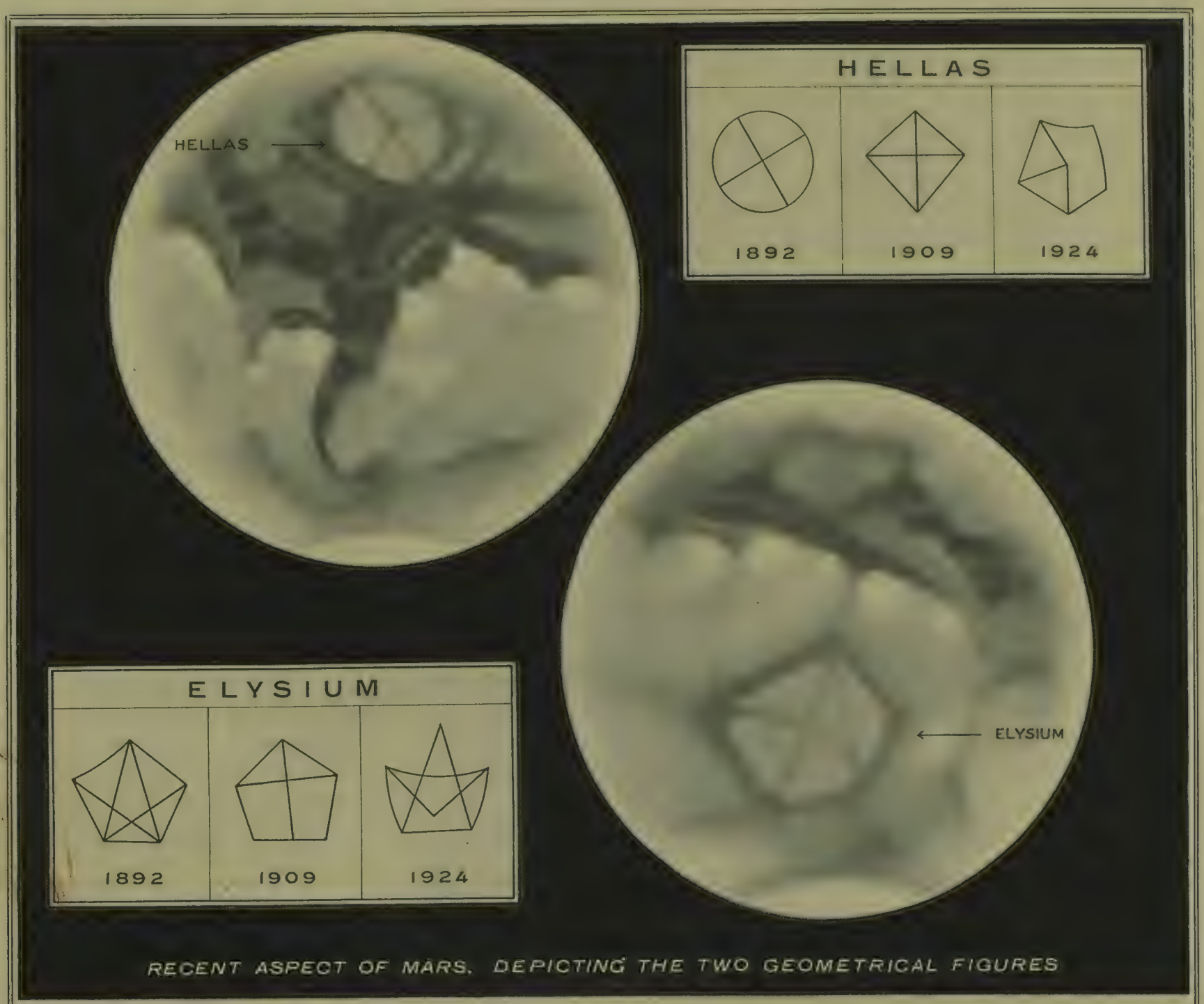


FIG. 3. STRIKINGLY MODIFIED BY DIVING HABITS: SKELETONS OF GUILLEMOT (ABOVE) AND DIVER (BELOW).

The skeleton of the guillemots and razor-bills and their allies, as is shown here has become more profoundly modified by their diving habits than even in the divers and grebes, for it will be noted that the ribs have been elongated so as to form a complete "cage" enclosing the intestines. Save when nesting, these birds never touch dry land.

IS MARS SIGNALLING TO US? "HELLAS" AND "ELYSIUM" FIGURES.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., ETC.



RECENT ASPECT OF MARS, DEPICTING THE TWO GEOMETRICAL FIGURES



IMAGINARY LANDSCAPE, SHOWING ARTIFICIAL WATERWAYS ACROSS HELLAS, BUILT FOR THE PURPOSE OF INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATION

MADE FOR INTERPLANETARY MESSAGES? CURIOUS DESIGNS ON MARS (NOW CONSPICUOUS IN OUR EVENING SKIES).

As a means of communication with the Martians, Sir Robert Ball once humorously suggested an inscription across the Sahara Desert, "Are you there?" If the Martians have ever attempted to announce to the outer world that their planet is inhabited by intelligent beings, it is probable that they have adopted similar methods for hundreds of years. A curious phenomenon, first noticed at Harvard College Observatory, is presented every time Mars makes a close approach to the Earth, and again during the last few months. Two strange geometrical figures, known to astronomers as Hellas and Elysium, appear upon the planet's surface, in the positions shown above. These designs are symmetrically laid out, but the arrangement of the dark lines is different each time. Hellas is 900 miles across, and Elysium about 1200. Viewed as they are at a distance of fifty million miles, and with no means of determining their real nature, we have, perhaps, as much authority for considering them of artificial construction as of natural origin. Such huge hieroglyphic designs might necessitate the construction of waterways across a desert plain. The strips of vegetation bordering these channels would be visible to us as dark-green lines, while the channels themselves might be too small to be seen. The Nile Valley would probably exhibit a similar appearance to an inhabitant on the Moon. After all, it is not a little strange that these symmetrical designs should be manifested on our neighbour world, and only when the two planets are close together. If the Martians are really attempting interplanetary communication, then a fitting response would be to imitate their hieroglyphs, and await the result.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN three days' time — unless anything unforeseen occurs — we shall be celebrating Christmas, and it seems appropriate to consider "books of the day" as books of *that* day, to be given or received. Those who, like myself, whether from invincible indolence or equally invincible preoccupations, postpone their present-choosing to the eleventh hour, can always fall back upon a book. Most of one's friends have some particular subject that appeals to them, and there is no subject nowadays—from poetry to ping-pong—without its own special literature. I propose, therefore, to offer a few solutions of this perennial problem, from the material before me.

To begin with the Book of Books, which (though some people are apt to forget the fact) has a certain association with the origin and meaning of our festival, I would suggest, for the religiously inclined, a copy of "THE CAMBRIDGE SHORTER BIBLE." Arranged by A. Nairne, T. R. Glover, and Sir A. Quiller-Couch (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). The neglect of the Bible, that bed-rock of our national character, and the greatest monument of English prose, has of late been troubling educationists and social philosophers. This admirable abridgment—a sequel to "The Children's Bible" and "The Little Children's Bible"—will go far to win back for the Scriptures their influence on our home life. The traditional order of the books has been kept, but they are arranged in paragraphs, chapter and verse being relegated to the top of each page.

For those who wish to read the Bible as literature, in continuous form, there could be nothing better than this method, but I am a little doubtful whether it will become universally popular. The old chapter and verse system is so intimately associated with our use of the text, and so convenient for reference and quotation, that we miss the familiar numbering. Yet this numerical notation dates only from the sixteenth century. As to its origin, I was told some very interesting facts the other day by the learned Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral, Dr. Srawley, and, not remembering fully what he said, I wrote asking him to repeat the details by letter. He has very courteously replied as follows: "The division of the text of the New Testament into verses was made by Robert Stephens during a ride between Paris and Lyons, and introduced into his Greek Testament in 1551, and later (1556-7) extended to his Latin Bible. The Bible was divided into chapters in the thirteenth century, according to some, by Archbishop Langton; according to others, by Cardinal Hugo de Sancto Caro, a Dominican. In the manuscript Bibles we find a division into sections to facilitate its use for reading in the synagogues or churches."

The new paragraph method was adopted, it may be recalled, in the Temple Bible (similar in *format* to the Temple "Shakespeare"), and the late Mr. J. M. Dent, the publisher, has told us in his memoirs that its sale was disappointing. I am all for popularising the Bible (and abolishing its funereal black), but I think the ideal plan has yet to be evolved. Personally, I should prefer a complete text on the old "chapter and verse" lines, in good clear print and decorative cover, with introductions and notes to each book giving the best critical and archæological conclusions, an index and concordance, and illustrations of artistic, historical, and topographical value.

Such an edition could not, of course, be produced very cheaply, and meanwhile I wish every success to the fine work done under the ægis of my *Alma Mater*. The second name in the trio of editors takes me back in memory to the early 'nineties and the first court of John's, where the present Public Orator of Cambridge, then at the outset of a distinguished academic career, stopped an obscure undergraduate to offer kindly encouragement concerning certain verses in "The Granta." *Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni*!—and I, too, must glide along to other matters.

The name of one of Dr. Glover's co-adjutors reminds me that two more volumes are to hand in the Duchy edition of Tales and Romances by "Q," namely, "TRUE TILDA," and "THE WHITE WOLF"; and Other Fireside Tales. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Dent; 3s. 6d. each). This dainty little edition of the famous Cornish novelist, who was "translated" from Troy Town to the Chair of English Literature beside the Cam, would make a charming Christmas gift to a romantically minded person. So would "MIDSUMMER NIGHT": And Other Tales in Verse. By John Masefield (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.). The muse of Boar's Hill has here given a modern setting to Arthurian legend, closer in spirit to the stark frankness of the mediæval sources than anything in Tennyson, Swinburne, or Matthew Arnold.

Frank, musical, and magnificently virile, too, are "DRINKING SONGS": And Other Songs. By W. R. Titterton. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton (Cecil Palmer; 5s.). These songs, Mr. Chesterton points out, are intended to be sung, and he mentions, as a "complete proof of lyrical adaptability," that he has sung them himself. Further, he says: "If songs that can really be sung are not meant merely to be read, still less are they meant merely to be reviewed." That seems to take the wind out of my sails, if not out of my lungs. The drinking songs in the first part have piano accompaniment arranged by Van Norman Lucas.

Among "the tavern lads of Fleet Street," to whom the book is dedicated, can we reckon one who sings of—

Thibault of Champagne faring forth afar,

and compares his own heart to "a little inn Remote upon the King's highway"? At any rate, this poet was once among "the lads" of *The Illustrated London News*. I refer to "APRIL": A Book of Minor Verse. By S. L. Bensusan. With a Foreword by L. Cranmer-Byng (St. Catherine Press; 4s.). Mr. Bensusan's verse, which is not so "minor," as he thinks, betrays an unsuspected lyrical vein in the author of "Comment From the Country-side" and all his other amusing character-sketches of Essex village folk.



THE SCENE OF ONE OF SELMA LAGERLÖF'S FINEST DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGES: THE LAKE REGION WHERE SHE LOCATES A THRILLING RACE WITH WOLVES IN "GOSTA BERLING'S SAGA."

Mme. Selma Lagerlöf, the famous Swedish novelist, and the first woman to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature (awarded her in 1909), lately celebrated her seventieth birthday. In honour of the occasion there was a gala performance in Stockholm of the opera ("I Cavalieri di Ekeby") founded on her story, "Gosta Berling's Saga." It was conducted by the composer, Signor Zandonai, and attended by members of the Swedish Royal family. Mme. Lagerlöf herself made a large donation to the Swedish Authors' Benevolent Society. A correspondent writes: "Selma Lagerlöf is, after Strindberg, the greatest writer that Sweden has produced. . . . Essentially a romanticist, she made a triumph during the brutally realistic reign of Strindberg. Inspired by the tales told her in childhood, and the legends of her superstitious countrymen, her works are epics of the Swedish race and soil."



THE GREAT SWEDISH NOVELIST RECENTLY HONOURED ON HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY: MME. SELMA LAGERLÖF AT WORK IN HER STUDY AT MÅRBACKA.

Another interesting little book of verse, metrical rather than lyrical, and claiming descent, I should say, from Pope and Cowper, is "THE POETICAL WORKS" of A. T. Shearman, D.Litt., Fellow of London University (Fowler Wright; 10s.). It contains, *inter alia*, a scholarly verse rendering of Virgil's Georgics. A poem on Peary is dedicated to the people of the United States.

Still moving in the realms of song, I find myself "way back" (as the Americans say) in Restoration days, with an important new and pioneer work of literary scholarship, "THE POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF SIR CHARLES SEDLEY." Collected and Edited from the Old Editions. By V. De Sola Pinto, Professor of English Language and Literature at the University College, Southampton (Constable; 2 Vols., 2½ guineas). This edition of the works supplements the same author's recent study of the man ("Sir Charles Sedley"), which, by the way, I notice on the jacket-cover, a fellow-reviewer is accused of describing as "a portrait . . . with the *liniments* of true character." I have heard of balm and butter being applied in literary portraiture, but this treatment must be something new. The use of butter, of course, is generally found among contemporaries, as recorded of an exchange of compliments between two eminent historians—

See, ladling butter from alternate tubs,
Stubbs butters Freeman; Freeman butters Stubbs.

But I am sliding away from the works of Sir Charles Sedley, which Professor Pinto has so ably edited. He was both shrewd and lucky, I think, to find a neglected Restoration writer of such calibre to resurrect, at a time when the morals and manners of that cynical and hedonistic age are a good deal in vogue. Hitherto Sedley has been, for most of us, merely one of those obscure names that crop up in anthologies, and even those who know his famous song, "Phyllis is my only joy," probably forget who wrote it. Now that we have Professor Pinto's excellent volumes, there is no excuse for neglecting Sedley any longer. We have here a large body of polished original work, including a comedy—"Bellamira"—that might interest Mr. Nigel Playfair, as well as many pleasing translations from the Latin poets, from the idyllic vein of Virgil's Pastorals to the naughtiness of Martial's Epigrams.

At this point I suddenly realise that I am getting near the end of my tether. I must therefore be exceedingly brief, but the books mentioned will doubtless come up for judgment again later. In choosing gift-books, of course, everything depends on the taste of the proposed recipients. If they are addicted to "raving politics never at rest," there is an abundance of choice. Ireland claims two brilliant works—Mr. Tim Healy's "LETTERS AND LEADERS OF MY DAY" (Thornton Butterworth; Two vols.; £2 2s.), and Mr. Michael MacDonagh's "LIFE OF WILLIAM O'BRIEN (Benn; 21s.). To Victorian politics belongs Mr. Philip Guedalla's "GLADSTONE AND PALMERSTON" (Gollancz; 16s.). Our own day is represented by a cheap reprint of Lord Grey's historic "TWENTY-FIVE YEARS," re-issued in the People's Library (Hodder and Stoughton; Three vols.; 2s. 6d. each), as well as by an entertaining political autobiography, "MY LIVELY LIFE," by Jack Jones, M.P. (Long; 5s.).

Under the head of international politics come Lord Cecil's valuable book, "THE WAY OF PEACE" (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.), and Mr. J. A. Spender's interesting travel study, "THE AMERICA OF TO-DAY" (Benn; 12s. 6d.). Much light on the financial side of politics is thrown by Count Corti's "REIGN OF THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Gollancz; 25s.), a sequel to his first volume, "The Rise of the House of Rothschild," carrying the story from 1830 to 1871. Anyone interested in social history a century ago would revel in the eighth and last volume of "THE FARINGTON DIARY," edited by James Greig (Hutchinson; 21s.). Of illustrated books concerned with art or connoisseurship there are several alluring examples. A collector specialising in the subject would delight in "OLD SILVER OF EUROPE AND AMERICA." By E. Alfred Jones (Batsford; 35s.). Of more general appeal is "THE PEOPLE'S ALBUM OF LONDON STATUES." Described by Osbert Sitwell, drawn by Nina Hamnett (Duckworth; 12s. 6d.), a historical and critical study salted with wit and humour.

Photography nowadays is a fine art; and many exquisite specimens thereof are to be found in "PHOTOGRAMS OF THE YEAR—1928." Edited by F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S. (Iliffe; cloth, 7s. 6d.; paper, 5s.), the thirty-fourth annual issue of this well-known review. Besides the beautiful plates, it contains many short articles on the craft of the camera as practised in various countries. Another very interesting book on a special branch of art, the sartorial, is Carl Köhler's "HISTORY OF COSTUME," with sixteen colour-plates and about 600 other illustrations (Harrap; 18s.). This should be a godsend to artists, pageant masters, and theatrical producers, as well as to students of social history. Art and literature go hand-in-hand in a rare prose and verse anthology called "THE MINDES DELIGHT." Collected by Hedley Hope-Nicholson (The Cayme Press; 10s.), with a "proem" by R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

Turning from art to science, I come to a copiously illustrated popular work on that enthralling subject, astronomy, entitled "THE SUN, THE STARS AND THE UNIVERSE." By W. M. Smart, F.R.A.S., Chief Assistant in the Cambridge Observatory (Longmans; 12s. 6d.). Of kindred interest, but more academic in style, and without illustrations, is Professor A. S. Eddington's volume, "THE NATURE OF THE PHYSICAL WORLD" (Cambridge University Press; 12s. 6d.), embodying his Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh. A doctor in reminiscent mood is always entertaining, and this is true of Dr. A. T. Schofield's "BEHIND THE BRASS PLATE" (Sampson Low; 15s.), which ranges over the recollections of sixty years. His brass plate, he mentions, is no longer there, and he writes from the standpoint of "retired leisure." Finally, if your recipient should be a disciple of Isaac Walton, you should give him a copy of "CHARLES COTTON AND HIS RIVER." By G. P. Heywood. Illustrated (Sherratt and Hughes, Manchester; 25s.). "Compleat Anglers" may come and go, but Ole Man River—be it the Dove or be it the Mississippi—"'e jes goes rollin' along."

C. E. B.

KING GEORGE'S ILLNESS—NEW PHASES: THE QUEEN; THE PRINCES; AND MORE DOCTORS.



THE UNVEILING, BY THE QUEEN, OF THE MERCHANT NAVY AND FISHING FLEETS MEMORIAL ON TOWER HILL: HER MAJESTY (NEAR CENTRE, UNDER THE CANOPY) AFTER THE CEREMONY.



"TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN HONOUR OF THESE BRAVE MEN I UNVEIL THIS MEMORIAL": THE QUEEN (WEARING A SYMBOLIC ANCHOR IN HER HAT) PRESSING THE BUTTON.



EXPECTED AT SOUTHAMPTON, IN THE LINER "BERENGARIA," ON DEC. 21: PRINCE GEORGE.



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL TO UNVEIL THE MEMORIAL TO THE MERCHANT NAVY AND FISHING FLEETS: HER MAJESTY PASSING SOME OF THE BRONZE PLAQUES THAT BEAR 12,649 NAMES.



EXPECTED IN ENGLAND, IN THE "BALMORAL CASTLE," ON CHRISTMAS EVE: THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES SINCE HIS RECORD RETURN JOURNEY OF SOME 6500 MILES: LEAVING THE R.A.C. AFTER A GAME OF RACQUETS WITH THE DUKE OF YORK.

DR. R. S. WOODS (ELECTROLOGIST).



DR. FRANK D. HOWITT (ELECTROLOGIST).



DR. FRANCIS SHIPWAY (ANÆSTHETIST).



SIR HUGH RIGBY (THE SURGEON WHO OPERATED).

On December 12 an operation on King George was successfully performed by Sir Hugh Rigby, honorary surgeon to the King, assisted by Dr. Francis Shipway, senior honorary anæsthetist to Guy's Hospital. On the 15th it was decided to employ ray therapy, and two eminent electrologists were called in—Dr. R. S. Woods, of the London Hospital, and Dr. Frank D. Howitt, of the Prince of Wales's General Hospital, Tottenham.——The Queen unveiled the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets Memorial on December 12.——The Prince of Wales reached London on December 11 after a "record" journey of nearly 6500 miles. It was stated that all King George's sons would be home for Christmas. The Duke of Gloucester sailed from the Cape in the "Balmoral Castle" on December 7, and was expected to reach England on the 24th. Prince George left New York in the "Berengaria" on the 15th, and was expected at Southampton on the 21st.

2800 B.C. TO BEECHEY: ART IN THE AUCTION ROOMS.

Reproductions of Nos. 1 to 4 by the Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby; 9, 10, and 11, by Courtesy of Messrs. Christie.



SOLD BY AUCTION FOR £4100: A BRONZE STATUETTE OF APHRODITE, FROM MACERATA, UMBRIA.—DAMAGED BY A PEASANT'S PICK. (7½ INCHES HIGH.)

This statuette fetched £4100 at Messrs. Sotheby's on December 13. It comes from the collection of Count Stanislas di Rudinge. The buyer's name was given as "Rowland." In the catalogue description is the following: "The pick of a peasant has made two wounds in the abdomen and right arm, and a small piece is wanting from the right ankle. . . . The figure holds in her right hand a pomegranate flower, and in her left the pomegranate fruit. These attributes establish her identity as Aphrodite. . . . The fashion of the costume is the same as that of the Korae (popularly known as 'the Aunts') of the Athenian Acropolis, but the conventional mode there adopted . . . has been abandoned and a certain amount of play has been introduced. . . ." The general facts point to "a date of about 460 B.C. intermediate between the archaic sculptures and the simple standing figures of the end of the fifth century."



VIENNESE PORCELAIN OF 1765: "THE SLEEPING CAVALIER"—SOLD FOR £525.

AFTER THE DRAWINGS OF CALLOT: A VIENNESE FIGURE SOLD WITH THREE OTHERS FOR £145.

SOLD FOR £200: A COFFEE-CUP IN VIENNESE PORCELAIN; (1801 — 1808), DECORATED WITH A SILHOUETTE OF THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES.

SOLD FOR £328: A VIENNESE PORCELAIN "BASKET" WITH CHINESE HEADS. (1740.)

A great collection of old Viennese porcelain, gathered together by Mr. Karl Meyer, and comprising specimens dating from the early eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth, was sold in Vienna recently by Messrs. Glückselig. It should be noted, perhaps, that du Paquier, the first owner of the Viennese porcelain factory, got into financial difficulties and had to sell out in about 1740, when the Austrian State took over his enterprise. Another forty years passed before it became a national and commercial success.



SOLD FOR 1850 GUINEAS: "QUEEN CHARLOTTE."—BY SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.

SOLD FOR £300 AND FOR £920: A STATUETTE OF A PATESI (LEFT); AND A LARGE STATUETTE OF A PATESI, WITH BLACK STONE EYES.

SOLD FOR 12,500 GUINEAS: "PORTRAIT OF A GENOESE OFFICER."—BY SIR A. VANDYCK.

The Beechey "Queen Charlotte" and the Vandyck "Portrait of a Genoese Officer" were sold at Messrs. Christie's on December 14. The "Queen Charlotte," which fetched sixty guineas in the Artist's Sale in 1836, shows King George the Third's consort walking in Windsor Great Park: and the Round Tower of the Castle is seen in the background. It is 93½ in. by 56. The Pateis come from Sumer. That on the left in our page is of the period of Gudea, circa 2500 B.C., is 10½ inches high, and was discovered at Tall Lo. The second, which was excavated at Bismaya, dates from circa 2800 B.C., and is 14 inches high. It will be noted that the woollen skirt is worn. The work is in white stone, with black stone eyes and ivory pupils. It may be remembered that £10,000 was paid for the small Sumerian statue of Gudea, Patesi of Lagash, which is now at Copenhagen.—The "Genoese Officer" was bought by Mr. Townley-Parker in 1823.

THE "BONE OF CONTENTION" OF BOLIVIA AND PARAGUAY: EL CHACO.



IN THE DISPUTED CHACO DISTRICT, WHERE THE NATIVES WERE RULED BY WITCH-DOCTORS BEFORE CONVERSION TO CHRISTIANITY: A MISSION STATION.



TYPICAL SWAMP LAND IN THE DISPUTED TERRITORY OF THE CHACO BOREAL: GRASS LANDS WITH TALL PALMS AND ABOUNDING IN WILD GAME, ESPECIALLY MARSH DEER.



A TRIBUTARY OF THE RIVER PARAGUAY: A VIEW ON THE PILCOMAYO, ONE OF THE THREE RIVERS THAT FORM THE NATURAL BOUNDARIES OF THE CHACO REGION.



NATIVES OF THE CHACO: A PARTY OF TOOTHLI INDIANS, ONE OF THE PRIMITIVE INDIGENOUS TRIBES, RETURNING FROM A HUNT WITH BOWS AND ARROWS.



"THEIR DWELLINGS ARE MERE SHELTERS OF GRASS THROWN UPON A ROUGH FRAMEWORK OF SMALL BOUGHS": A TYPICAL HABITATION OF THE LENGUA, ONE OF THE PRIMITIVE INDIAN TRIBES, INHABITING THE GRAN CHACO REGION (BETWEEN THE RIVERS PARANA, PARAGUAY, AND PILCOMAYO), THROUGH WHICH RUNS THE DISPUTED FRONTIER.

An interesting account of the Chaco region, disputed by Bolivia and Paraguay, was given recently by a "Times" correspondent. "The aboriginal inhabitants," (we read) "are Indians, of which there are at least seven tribes, Lengua, Sanapana, Chamacoco, Chunapi, Toothli, Piflaga, and Toba. Each tribe has its recognised territory, and each has its own distinct language. . . . The number of Indians in this district will not greatly exceed 50,000. In general appearance the Indian is somewhat Mongolian in type (but there are great variations), with skin of a reddish chocolate colour. They are hunters and fishermen, agriculture being followed to a limited extent, their implements for this art being most primitive. . . . The weapons of the Indian are the bow and arrows, and a club, but in recent years he has adopted the shot-gun to hunt his game. In arts and crafts the man has little or nothing to show, but the woman makes pottery in a primitive way. . . . Blanket-weaving and net-bag making also fall to the woman's share, and the patterns are closely allied to the old Inca patterns in textiles. . . . In religion all are animists. . . . Their dwellings are mere shelters of grass thrown upon a rough framework of small boughs."

AIDING HUNT SERVANTS AND JOCKEYS:
A "SPORT IN THE MIDLANDS" EXHIBITION.

By Courtesy of the Owners, and of Dr. E. E. Lowe, Director of the Art Gallery.



"THE REVEREND L. LORAINE-SMITH AND FAMILY, 1837": BY J. FERNELEY. (LENT BY THE MISSES BEVAN)



"PORTRAIT OF JOHN FERNELEY IN HIS STUDIO, 1856": BY CLAUDE L. FERNELEY, ONE OF HIS SONS (LENT BY THE HON. MRS. TENNANT.)



"HENRIETTA, COUNTESS OF OXFORD": BY J. WOOTTON—1678-1765. (LENT BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.)



"MRS. THOMAS TERTIUS PAGET ON 'JESSICA' AND HER HUSBAND ON 'SATAN' RIDING IN BRADGATE PARK": BY J. FERNELEY. (LENT BY MAJOR GUY PAGET.)



"GROUP OF FIVE OF THE (1ST) DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S 'MENAGE' HORSES": BY A. VAN DIEPENBECKE. (LENT BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.)



"WILLIAM HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK, THIRD DUKE OF PORTLAND, PRIME MINISTER": BY GEORGE STUBBS—1767. (LENT BY THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.)

There is being held at the City of Leicester Museum and Art Gallery an exhibition illustrating "Sport in the Midlands," and including sporting paintings, drawings, and prints—an exhibition, it may be added, which originated in the suggestion that as Leicestershire is the great hunting centre, a show of sporting pictures ought to be held in Leicester. In the introduction to a very interesting catalogue, Major Guy Paget writes: "There has been only one exhibition of Sporting Art on any scale in England, and that was nearly fifty years ago, though art dealers have got up a few small shows. . . . The underlying idea of this Exhibition is not ambitious; its aim is to show the development of Sporting Art through the last two hundred years in the Shires. It was intended to show only pictures connected with the Shires, but a few of outstanding merit by artists who did not penetrate so far north have been admitted." As to the certain illustrations, it may be added that John E. Ferneley (1782-1860) attracted the attention of the Duke of Rutland, for whom his father worked as a wheelwright. His Grace found the boy painting the fronts of wagons with pictures of hunting and dogs so well that he made his father let him go to London to study under Ben Marshall.——The Exhibition is free, but it is hoped that the sale of the Catalogue, donations and subscriptions, will benefit considerably hunt servants and jockeys fallen on difficult times.

"The Romance of the Road": By Coach with Cecil Aldin.

Reproduced from "The Romance of the Road." Written and Illustrated by Cecil Aldin. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, Ltd.; and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (See Review on a Later Page.)



"SPRINGING THEM": A VISION OF THE OLD COACHING DAYS EVOKED BY CECIL ALDIN—HIS MAJESTY'S MAIL ENTERS A COUNTRY TOWN WITH A FLOURISH OF HORN AND WHIP.



"THE EVENING STAGE": A MAIL COACH, PUNCTUAL TO THE MINUTE, CROSSING ONE OF ENGLAND'S ANCIENT BRIDGES, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, the famous sporting and animal artist, has recalled delightful visions of the old coaching days, both by picture and pen, in his new book, "The Romance of the Road," abundantly illustrated in colour and line. His period is about the year 1828, when the coaching age was at its zenith. "On these mail-coach roads," he writes, "instead of the skating-rink surface of to-day, we had a highway of good, sound macadam; and, above all, we had a varied and delightful landscape and vista ahead of us, instead of, as we so often see now, a road with every bend, corner and tree carefully eliminated. . . . So accurately did the mail-coaches run to their time-tables that, in country towns, we could safely set our watches by the time of the arrival or departure of the mail, instead of, as we do now, by the striking of Big Ben on the wireless. . . . Frost or snow, hail and shine, these little coaches went galloping nightly across the map." One celebrated coachman—Charlie Holmes—drove the mail 598,000 miles in twenty-six years.

The Solution of an Art Problem Propounded in our Pages: A Picture in the National Gallery.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Director of the National Gallery; as also were the Colour Reproductions in Our Issue of December 15.



"AN ART GALLERY," BY HANS JORDAENS III.: A PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY CONTAINING THE PAINTINGS REPRODUCED IN OUR LAST ISSUE.

In our issue of December 15 we propounded a little problem for art-lovers, to test their knowledge and observation. They were asked to state the authorship of fifteen pictures, which we reproduced in colour on two pages, and to say where the originals could be seen. Here is the solution of the problem. All the ten pictures reproduced on one of our pages are visible on the back wall of the art gallery in the painting given above. Of the five on the other page, one—"Alexander's Visit to Diogenes"—is seen above in the right foreground, while the other four are on the projecting wall just beyond the table in the left foreground. In the National Gallery catalogue the above painting is described as the work of Hans Jordaens III. (1595?—1643), of the Antwerp School, probably a pupil of Hans Jordaens II. (1581—1653). "The picture [we read] is painted on wood, and measures 37½ inches high by 48½ inches wide. It was bequeathed to the National Gallery by John Staniforth Beckett in 1889. A similar piece by Jordaens is in the Hofmuseum, Vienna."



If you wish to give an unusual gift to your friends for Xmas, order from your tobacconist the CRAVEN "A" Inkstand Cabinet containing 200 Cigarettes at 10/6. A really beautiful and useful Xmas present.

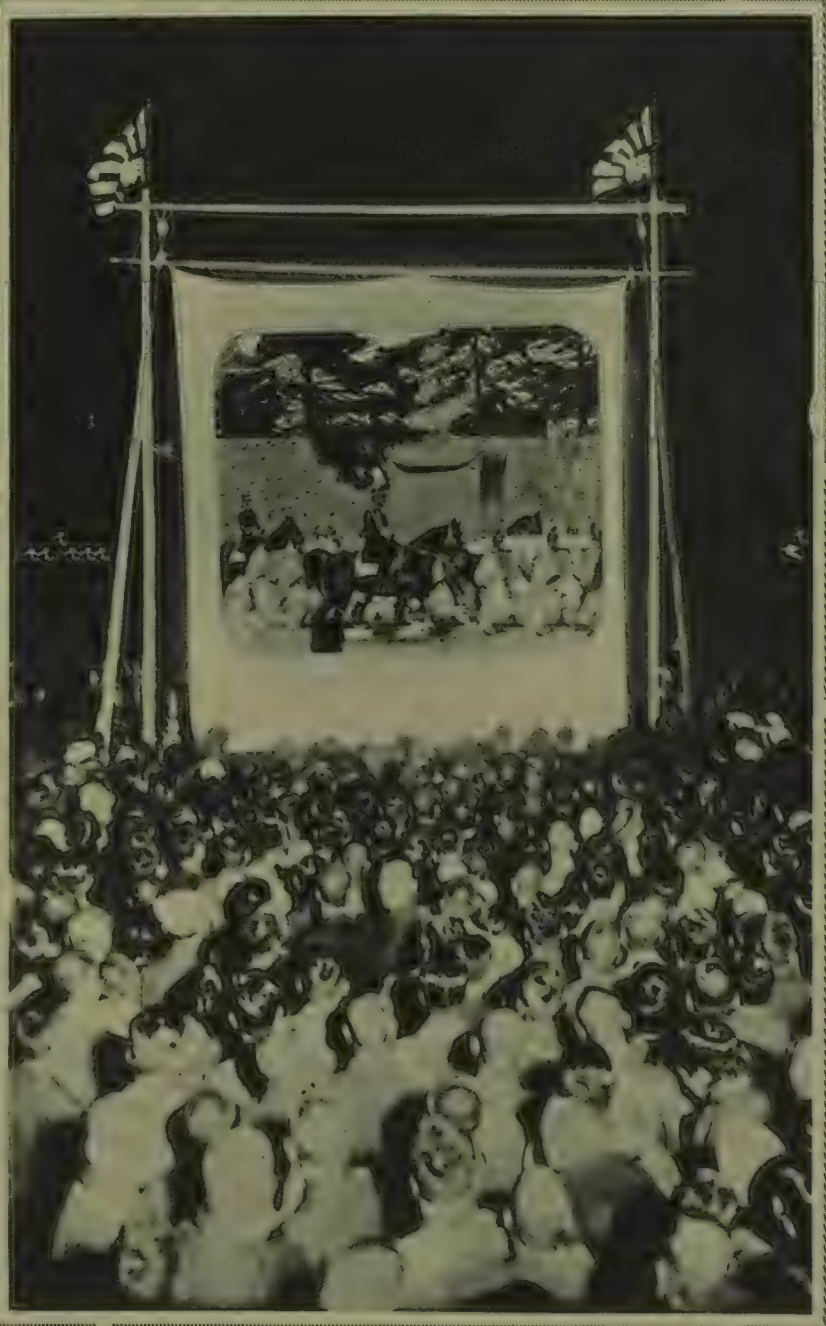
BELL-SOUNDING TO BOOT-WASHING: OLD AND NEW IN JAPAN.



SOUNDING THE MIGHTY BELL OF THE CHIO-IN TEMPLE, KYOTO, IN HONOUR OF THE ENTHRONEMENT OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN: THE SUSPENDED BEAM SWUNG AGAINST THE GREAT "BASSO" BY MEANS OF ROPES



BOOT-WASHING IN THE MUDDY STREETS OF TOKYO: THE SPECIAL FOOTWEAR-CLEANSING DEVICE IN USE ON A WET AND DIRTY DAY.



MODERNITY IN THE MIDST OF ANCIENT RITES: AN OFFICIAL FILM ILLUSTRATING CEREMONIES AND FESTIVITIES OF THE RECENT ENTHRONEMENT OF THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN SHOWN BY NIGHT TO THE HUGE CROWDS.



WHEN THEY VISITED MOMO-YAMA TO PRAY TO THE SPIRIT OF MEIJI TENNO, AS PART OF THE ENTHRONEMENT RITES: THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN, PRINCESS CHICHIBU, AND OTHER PRINCESSES, ON THEIR VISIT TO THE MAUSOLEUM.



ABOUT TO PRAY AND ASK A BLESSING AT "THE GRAND IMPERIAL SHRINE IN ISE": THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN (SECOND FROM LEFT) VISITING THE "TWO GREAT DIVINE PALACES" OF THE SHINTO CULT.

Japan, always of the greatest interest to this country, has been especially to the fore in our eyes of late, not only owing to the recent enthronement of his Majesty the Emperor, but because of the constant contact there is between us in various discussions on affairs as they are in present-day Republican and chaotic China. That being so, the pictures here given need no more introduction. With regard to them, we may say that it is written in "In Lotus Land, Japan," concerning the great bell which is in a pavilion in the courtyard of the Chio-in Temple, "a grand old monastery of the Jodo Buddhists," on Higashiyama, "the Eastern Mountain," Kyoto: "It was cast in 1633, is ten feet eight inches high, with a diameter of nine feet, and weighs seventy-four tons. For exactly a century this monster sound-maker was peerless among the bells of the world, till in 1733 the 'Czar Korokol,' the 'Great Bell of Moscow,' was cast. . . . These oriental bells are never sounded by a tongue, but by means of a suspended tree-trunk, which is swung and brought sharply into contact with the lip. . . . The beam is checked ere it can strike again from the rebound." In the photograph of the Empress of Japan visiting the Mausoleum of Meiji Tenno, her Imperial Majesty is seen immediately behind the leading Court Chamberlain. Princess Chichibu is the right-hand figure of the last two princesses. The Shrines of Ise are on the site of originals dating from the fifth century, and are dedicated to the Sun Goddess and other saints. They are the most sacred of the Shinto Temples of Japan.

AT HOME AND ABROAD:
PICTORIAL RECORDS OF NOTABLE HAPPENINGS.



HOW ORDERS ARE MADE INSTANTLY AUDIBLE TO A WARSHIP'S CREW: A NEW DEVICE IN THE NAVY—THE ELECTRICAL TRANSMITTER AND CONTROL-BOX.

The latest ships of the British Navy, we learn, are now fitted with a new type of electrical installation by means of which any order that is given can be instantly heard by everybody on board. The apparatus consists of a huge amplifier, of fifty-six valves, with speech-transmitting positions distributed in various parts of the ship. The system is entirely automatic, as the action of opening the door of the control-box containing the microphone, before giving an order starts the mechanism and renders speech-transmission possible within five seconds. This apparatus, which is capable of operating no fewer than ninety loud-speakers at once, is constructed by Messrs. Alfred Graham and Co., Ltd., of Slough.



AN ELECTRICAL SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE IN THE LATEST SHIPS OF THE NAVY: THE HUGE 56-VALVE AMPLIFYING PANEL.



WHERE EFFORTS WERE MADE TO APPLY ARBITRATION TO THE BOLIVIA-PARAGUAY DISPUTE: THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS COUNCIL AT LUGANO.

The Bolivia-Paraguay dispute was among the matters discussed by the Council of the League of Nations at its fifty-third ordinary session, recently held at Lugano. It was reported that an emergency meeting might be held in Paris. Our photograph shows, at the centre table at the back (l. to r.) Herr Stresemann (Germany), Signor Scialoja (Italy), M. Briand (France, acting President), M. Dunard (General Secretary), and Sir Austen Chamberlain (Great Britain).



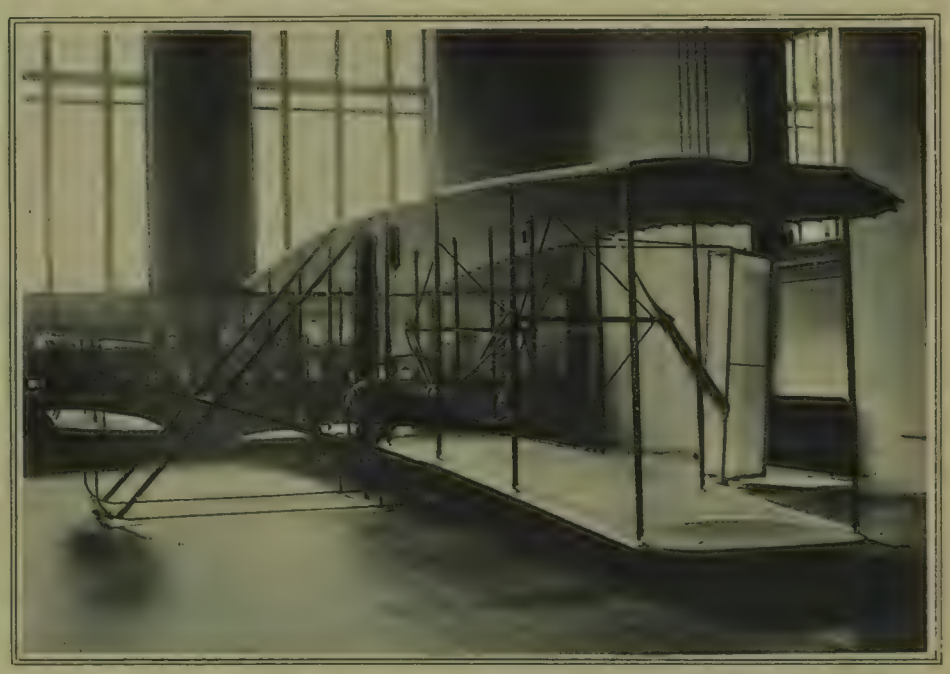
THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT OF MEXICO: SENOR EMILIO PORTES GIL (WITH UPRAISED ARM) TAKING THE OATH.

Senor Emilio Portes Gil was installed as Provisional President of Mexico, on November 30, at the National Stadium in Mexico City, in the presence of some 25,000 people. Senor Gil, who is only thirty-seven, has been Secretary of the Interior in the Calles Cabinet. He will hold office until February 5, 1930, and meanwhile elections for a constitutional President will be held next November.



THE BURKE AND GOLDSMITH BI-CENTENARY: (L. TO R.) LORD IVEAGH, PROVOST GWYNN, PRESIDENT COSGRAVE, LORD BIRKENHEAD, LORD GLENAVY.

The double bi-centenary of Edmund Burke and Oliver Goldsmith (born respectively in January, 1729, and November, 1728) was celebrated on December 11 at Trinity College, Dublin, where they were contemporaries. Among those present were Mr. William Cosgrave, President of the Irish Free State Executive Council, and Lord Birkenhead, who delivered an eloquent oration on Burke's career.

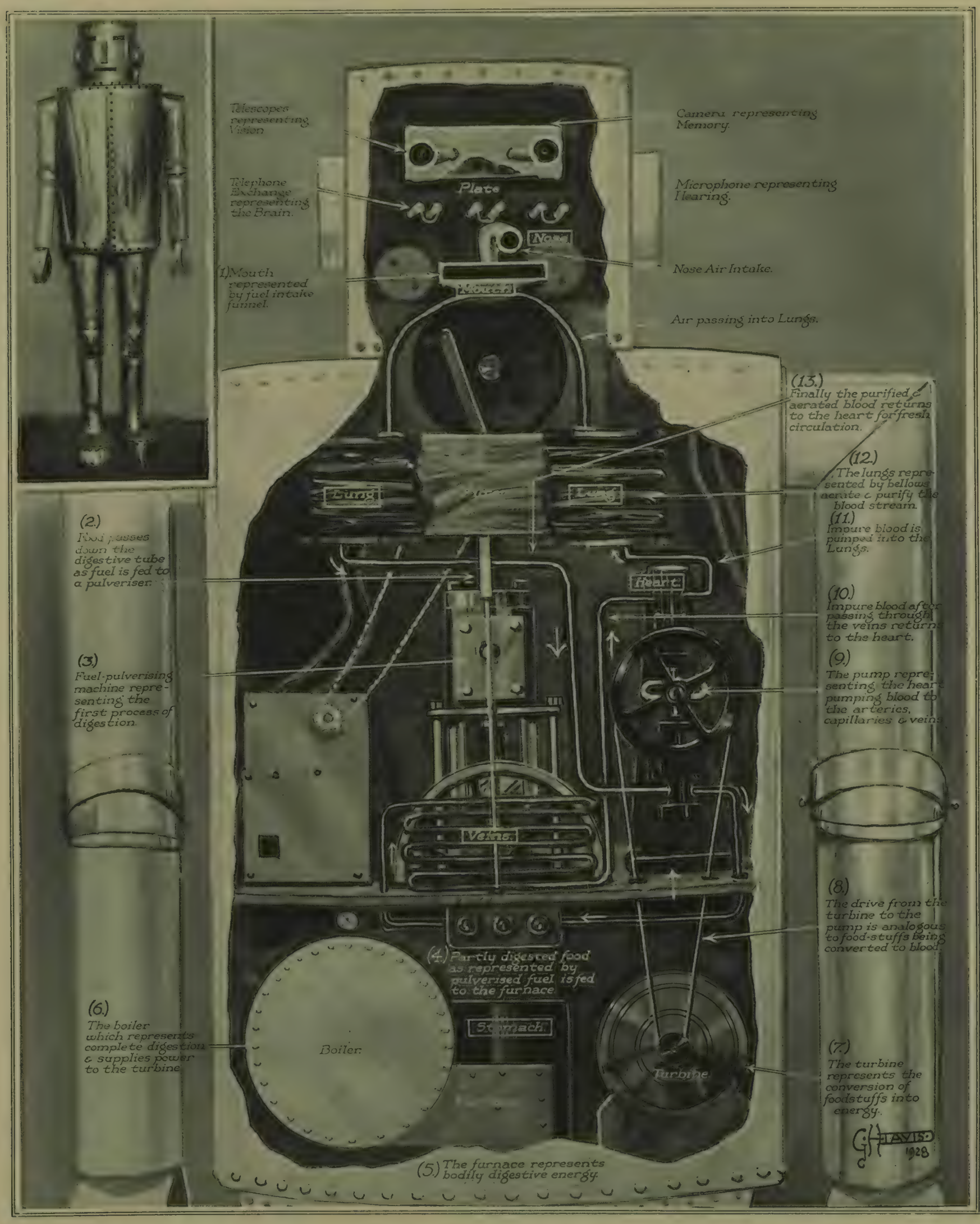


THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR: THE HISTORIC WRIGHT BIPLANE, BENEATH WHICH IT WAS ARRANGED TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION.

As noted on our front page, it was arranged to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first practical aeroplane flight—made by the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright on December 17, 1903, at Dayton, Ohio—by a banquet in the Science Museum at South Kensington, under the historic machine (suspended from the roof) in which the flight was made. It was lent to the Museum by Mr. Orville Wright. His brother Wilbur, it may be recalled, died from typhoid fever in 1912.

THE MECHANICS OF MAN: A ROBOT TO TEACH PHYSIOLOGY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE BODY IN TERMS OF A STEAM ENGINE: FUNCTIONS OF THE HEART, LUNGS, AND STOMACH TO BE DEMONSTRATED MECHANICALLY AT THE SCHOOLBOYS' EXHIBITION—(INSET) THE EXTERIOR OF THE ROBOT.

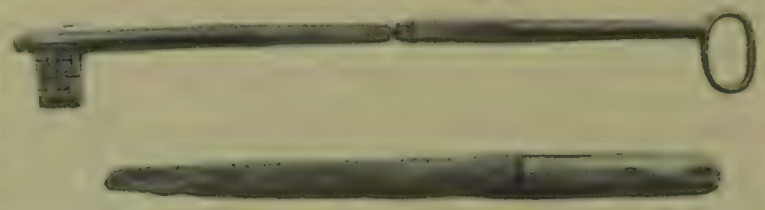
One of the most novel exhibits at the forthcoming Schoolboys' Exhibition at the New Horticultural Hall, from December 29 to January 5, is a metal Robot which explains the working of the heart, lungs, stomach, and so on, in mechanical form. It shows in a simple diagrammatic way the physiological functions of the body, and does not profess to be anatomically correct. It is interesting as showing the digestive processes and the flow of food compared with the stoking of a modern boiler with pulverised fuel. By following the numbers, from 1 to 13, on the above drawing, one sees how the nutriment taken into the mouth in the form of food (and in the Robot as fuel for his furnace) is converted into blood. The organiser of the exhibition, Mr. Schofield, explaining the apparatus, said: "We are going to translate the body into the terms of something with which boys are familiar—the steam-engine. Touch a button on the Robot, and the 'heart' begins to turn round and beat, the 'lungs' to go up and down, and all the auxiliary machines to function. The demonstrator will also show how the brain acts." Our artist's drawing, we may mention, was made from information supplied by Messrs. Horlick's Malted Milk Company, Ltd.

HISTORIC RELICS OF PARLIAMENT:
AN UNIQUE EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON MUSEUM.

By Courtesy of Dr. R. E. M. Wheeler, Keeper of the London Museum.



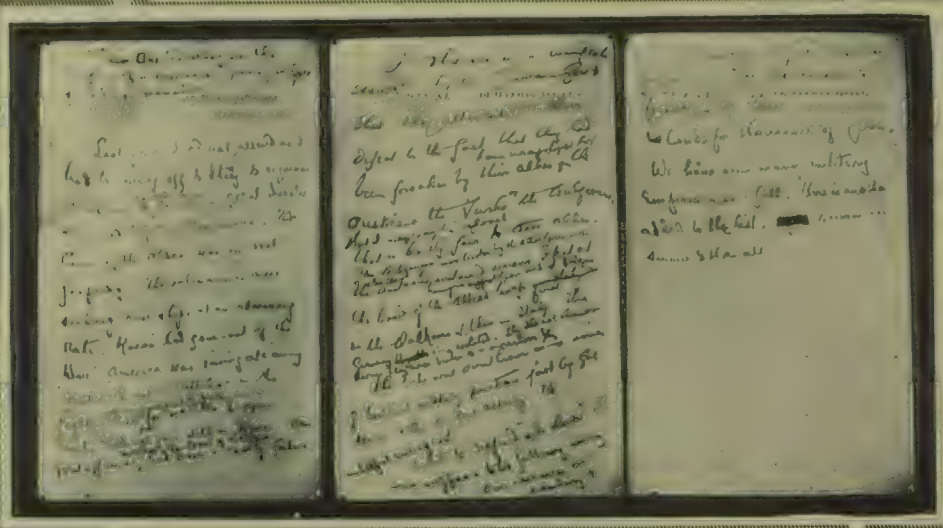
1. OLD WESTMINSTER PALACE IN THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.: A MODEL MADE FROM THE "RECONSTRUCTION" OF H. W. BREWER; AND LENT TO THE EXHIBITION FROM THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



4. THE KEY USED IN THE VISITATION OF VAULTS UNDER THE OLD HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT BEFORE A SESSION; AND (BELOW) THE DAGGER ONCE DRAMATICALLY SHOWN TO THE HOUSE BY EDMUND BURKE.



5. TWELVE EXCHEQUER TALLIES LENT FROM THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT: THOSE FROM SECOND TO SEVENTH FROM LEFT (INCLUSIVE) DATING FROM 1293-4, IN THE REIN OF EDWARD I.



2. MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S NOTES FOR HIS "VICTORY" SPEECH: PENCIL MEMORANDA FOR HIS GUILDHALL SPEECH ON NOVEMBER 9, 1918, TWO DAYS BEFORE THE ARMISTICE. (GIVEN BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE.)



6. THE WOOLSACK FROM THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS: A RELIC FORMERLY OWNED BY LORD ELDON, LORD CHANCELLOR, 1801-7 (GIVEN BY P. A. S. PHILLIPS, ESQ.)



3. THE SPEAKER'S CHAIR FROM THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS, USED BY LORD GRANTLEY, SPEAKER, 1769-82: A GIFT TO THE LONDON MUSEUM FROM LORD BURNHAM.



7. A ROBE WORN BY ALL THE CHANCELLORS OF THE EXCHEQUER FROM PITT TO DISRAELI: AN EXHIBIT LENT BY MAJOR CONINGSBY DISRAELI.



8. RELICS OF A STONEMASON WHO BECAME A MINISTER: TOOLS USED BY HENRY BROADHURST, LATER AN M.P.

A historical exhibition of remarkable interest (especially in view of the approaching General Election), entitled "Parliament and the Premiership," was recently opened at the London Museum, Lancaster House, St. James's. It contains a large collection of objects specially lent from the Houses of Parliament, with many personal relics lent or given by the families or descendants of former Prime Ministers. No such exhibition, it is believed, has ever before been held in London. We illustrate here some of the most notable items. In the model shown in No. 1, the buildings on the right are those of St. Stephen's College. On the extreme left is the Parliament Chamber, or House of Lords, and next to right are the Painted Chamber and the King's Private Chapel. The weapon shown in No. 4 figured in Burke's famous "dagger scene" in the House of Commons, when, speaking on the Alien Bill, he dramatically produced and flung on the floor a dagger sent as a pattern to a Birmingham manufacturer, with a suspicious order for several thousands. Burke displayed it as evidence of intended bloodshed by sedition-mongers. Among the Exchequer tallies in No. 5 is one (fourth from left) from the Prior of Barnwell, Cambridge, in 1293, and another (sixth) from "the hamlet of Huntingdon" for a debt of £3 6s. 8d. for "several transgressions and contempt" in 1294. Henry Broadhurst, whose tools are seen in No. 8, began life as a stonemason, and rose to be Under-Secretary for the Home Department. He was the first Labour M.P. to reach the front bench.

CENTRAL AFRICA'S NEW SEA OUTLET: LOBITO AND THE BENGUELA LINE.



LOBITO TOWN AND BAY, ON THE WEST AFRICAN COAST: A PLACE IN ANGOLA WITH A GREAT SHIPPING FUTURE AS A WESTERN PORT FOR CENTRAL AFRICA THOUSANDS OF MILES NEARER EUROPE AND AMERICA THAN THOSE IT NOW USES.



THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BENGUELA RAILWAY IN PROGRESS NEAR THE BORDER OF ANGOLA AND THE BELGIAN CONGO: NATIVES WORKING ON THE LINE.



TIGHTENING THE LAST BOLT AT THE BORDER: AN OCCASION OF REJOICING AND HILARITY DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE LINE CONNECTING ANGOLA WITH THE BELGIAN CONGO.



THE ANGOLA-KATANGA MOTOR SERVICE FROM THE RAIL-HEAD OF THE BENGUELA RAILWAY TO ELISABETHVILLE IN THE BELGIAN CONGO: A TYPICAL MOTOR ROAD IN ANGOLA.



TAKING A CAR ACROSS THE LUBUDI RIVER BY PONTOON, BETWEEN SANTENGO AND NASSANDOI: AN INCIDENT OF THE MOTOR SERVICE THAT FACILITATES THE TRANSCONTINENTAL JOURNEY FROM LOBITO TO BEIRA.



THE RUASHI MINE, NEAR ELISABETHVILLE: AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE MANY OPEN CAST COPPER MINES OF THE UNION MINIÈRE DU HAUT KATANGA, AN IMPORTANT OBJECTIVE OF THE BENGUELA RAILWAY.

When the vast mineral wealth in the Katanga District of the Belgian Congo was discovered, at the beginning of this century, the question arose as to how the output from the mines could be economically transported to the coast. Sir Robert Williams, under whose auspices these discoveries were made, then conceived the idea of constructing a railway from the nearest point on the Atlantic to the mines, and this led to the construction of the Benguela Railway. The magnificent natural harbour of Lobito Bay, in the Portuguese Colony of Angola, was selected as a starting point for the new line, which has been gradually penetrating Southern Central Africa, and reached the Angola-Belgian Congo border, a distance of 838 miles from the coast, last August. From this point its extension through the Belgian Congo over a section of 330 miles, to join up with the main trunk Cape-to-Cairo line at Chilongo, is being rapidly undertaken by the Chemin de Fer du Bas Congo au Katanga, and will be completed in 1930. This extension will traverse the extensive copper deposits, and in particular the important Western Mines of Katanga, which that great copper-producing company, the Union Minière, have so far been unable to work owing to lack of transport facilities. Angola has made much progress in recent years owing to the advent of the Benguela Railway, and its extension through the Belgian Congo will facilitate the development of that territory, Northern Rhodesia, and other parts of Southern Central Africa. The motor service which now runs between the rail-head and Elisabethville makes it possible to do the transcontinental journey in comfort from Lobito on the Atlantic to Beira on the Indian Ocean by rail and motor in under twelve days.

THE GHOSTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

By HECTOR BOLITHO.

IF you were the King of England, you could open the great iron gates whenever you wished. You 'd walk up past the Round Tower and unlock the gate that bars the way to the Home Park. The sombre gate would close behind you, and you would be in the Home Park, the King's own park, where William the Norman stood as he thought out the plans of the military post which was to command the Thames Valley; where Elizabeth walked, and where they carried the fat and unfortunate Falstaff in his ignominious journey in the linen basket; where Herne the Hunter rode at evening. And even now, if you haven't grown into an unimaginative potato, you may stand on the high ground in front of the Castle, in the half-light, when the delicacy of darkness is coming to the vast park, with its lofty trees, and hear Herne the Hunter, the galloping hoofs of his horse, and the sound of his horn coming nearer and nearer.

Windsor, though not especially rich in ghosts, is the oldest castle in the world which has been continually inhabited by a Royal family. For nine hundred years the Kings and Queens of England have ruled their kingdom from its sombre grey stone walls. And yet for the most part they seem to have departed in peace, leaving no ghosts behind to haunt those coming after. But Herne the Hunter makes up for them all. Ainsworth presents him most dramatically on the occasion when the Earl of Surrey took his "solitary ramble in the Park." He was startled by a—

blue phosphorescent light streaming through the bushes on the left, and, looking up, he beheld at the foot of an enormous oak, whose giant roots protruded like twisted snakes



THE "ANNE BOLEYN WINDOW," ABOVE THE HAUNTED "DEAN'S CLOISTERS," AT WINDSOR CASTLE: THE WINDOW FROM WHICH ANNE IS SAID TO HAVE FIRST SEEN HENRY VIII.

from the bank, a wild, spectral-looking object, possessing some slight resemblance to humanity, and habited, so far as it could be determined, in the skins of deer.

Surrey was afraid, but observant. He noticed that the ghost's head was surmounted by the skull of a stag, with antlers, and that the heavy, rusty chain on his arm had phosphorescent fire in the links. On one hand was a large horned owl. The spectral figure vanished as the Earl of Surrey was watching it, but not before it had emitted "a horrible burst of laughter, then a fearful wail."

This hideous ghost has remained with Windsor, if the tales one hears are true. Those sombre and painstaking historians and antiquaries who live within the Castle walls laugh at the idea of any ghost. But learning does pour a sort of bitter aloes over the imagination. In spite of the cynics, Herne the Hunter still holds sway in Windsor Park. Elsewhere in his romantic story of the Castle, Ainsworth says that the Duke of Richmond saw Herne the Hunter, and that, with Surrey, he pursued him and saw him on his horse, with his dogs. Herne blew flames and smoke out of



SAID TO BE HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF A MAID MURDERED BY A MAN SERVANT: THE GARTER TOWER (THE CIRCULAR BUILDING NEXT TO THE GOVERNOR'S TOWER ON THE RIGHT) AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

his horn, and then vanished. When Surrey was imprisoned in the Norman Tower, which visitors to the Castle pass to the left of the dominating Round Tower, Herne appeared before him again and evoked for him a vision of the fair Geraldine with the Duke of Richmond at her feet.

Those are early tales of the vicious hunter whose oak-tree lives for ever in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." But one doesn't need Ainsworth's romance nor old wives' tales to perpetuate the story of the hunter. It is said that he hanged himself on a bough of the oak-tree, which has since vanished, and that his unsettled spirit wanders there still. You can still walk out over the golf course and see the chalk-pit where Herne's oak stood, and near by are two or three contemporary oaks, older than the story of Elizabeth, adding a little proof to the fact that a line of oak-trees ran this way once upon a time.

I have met two or three people who are solemn in saying they have walked out into this quiet stretch of park in the night time and that they have heard the pathetic horn of the Hunter, heard his galloping horse. Only two years ago Mrs. Walter Legge, of Windsor, claimed that she heard the deep-throated baying of the spectral hound of Herne in the Home Park. Her house adjoins the Home Park, and, although there were sceptics to point out that there were kennels near by, and that the stags in the Great Park could raise their voices to intensify the illusion, she was firm in her belief.

A very matter-of-fact Eton boy was coming home across the Park not so many years ago, and he arrived at the Castle, very thrilled, with an account of the baying hounds and the hunter's horn.

The tree of Herne the Hunter has a romance of its own, apart from its association with the ghost. There have actually been four Herne's oaks. George III. was the last monarch to see the actual oak. In an unguarded moment, he gave the ranger permission to have the old tree cut down; then it was hundreds upon hundreds of years old. Tighe and Davis say that, when George III. realised his mistake, he conveniently found another oak near by, equally old, and described it as Herne's Oak, declaring that the one cut down was not entitled to the honour. The "new" Herne's Oak stood there until 1863, when it was blown down. Queen Victoria planted another oak on the site of the spurious Herne's Oak.

The third tree stood there until King Edward was planting what is known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk (why, nobody can tell, for it is certain that Queen Elizabeth never walked there). King Edward determined that the tree planted by Queen Victoria was on the wrong spot, so he planted still another, making the fourth, and this stands to-day on the west side of a chalk-pit, presumably the pit from which the fairies came to play their part in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." (As I am writing this article, the Public Works Department is preparing a plate with the true history of the romantic tree engraved upon it, so that monarchs and men of the future will not be able to dispute further as to where the Hunter's oak stood.)

On the Terrace overlooking Eton, where a sentry still walks at night, there is a ghost-story to be pieced together. When George III. was at the Castle, in his earlier days, and even at the tragic end, when he was ill-witted and confined to special rooms, he used to go to one of the windows overlooking the terrace and acknowledge the salute of the passing sentry; this almost every night. A year or two after he died, the sentry on duty there is said to have observed the ghost of the dead King at the window. For many moons after that, the lonely guard on the terrace was an unwanted duty among the Guardsmen.

The Garter Tower provides still another story, but one of maids and men, not of kings. The Garter Tower is part of the long, pleasant line of houses in which the Military Knights now live; near the Henry VIII. Gateway, through which most people enter the Castle. Here, about the time of Queen Elizabeth's reign, a manservant is said to have killed a maid. Beyond the bare fact of the supposed murder, history provides no information. But believers in ghosts, and, in particular, one official who lived in the Tower for some years, are quite sincere in their declaration that the ghost of the maid walks the house at night.

The very old servants and officials in the Castle do not agree in their belief in ghosts. Some say they have met them, some laugh at the idea. But it is interesting to put some of the winding passages and solemn towers to the old "dog" test and see what happens. It is usually believed that dogs sense the supernatural before any human being, and it is also true that, on several occasions, dogs have nervously refused to enter some of the Castle towers.

[*Continued on page 1212.*



A PART OF WINDSOR CASTLE REPUTED TO POSSESS FOUR GHOSTS—ANNE BOLEYN, HENRY VIII., CHARLES I., AND A CANON: THE DEAN'S CLOISTERS, BELOW ANNE BOLEYN'S WINDOW.

THE FLIGHTLESS CORMORANT; AND GIANT TORTOISES: NATURE'S "CURIOS" FROM THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS.



1. AN UNIQUE SEA BIRD OF THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS: THE FLIGHTLESS CORMORANT (*NANNOPTERUM HARRISI*).

These remarkable curiosities of Nature from the Galapagos Islands are described by Mr. Charles Haskins Townsend in a recent number of the "Bulletin" of the New York Zoological Society. Of the flightless cormorant he writes: "The existence of this peculiar and large-sized bird remained unknown until twenty-one years ago. It is the only cormorant known to the archipelago, and has been found only on Narborough and adjacent parts of Albemarle Islands. It is probable that it was formerly distributed throughout the group, but, being unable to fly, has been destroyed by wild dogs. Its habit of nesting on the island, instead of on off-shore rocks, as do most sea birds, may cause its extermination by dogs. . . . When the bird swims or chases minnows under water the wings are closed against the body. While cormorant and penguin were living together (in the New York 'Zoo') it was interesting to see them moving under water with equal celerity, one (the cormorant) depending entirely on its widely webbed feet, the other entirely on the paddle-like wings. . . . The flightless cormorant is a fighter, uses its sharply hooked beak effectively, and must be handled with gloves. When picked up it always squawks loudly. . . . The point of greatest interest in connection with the Galapagos Islands is the existence of land tortoises of prodigious size, and formerly in amazing numbers. It was this outstanding feature that gave the Galapagos (Spanish for 'tortoise') Islands their name. It was the abundance of tortoises that attracted food-seeking ships for more than three centuries, until the exhaustion of the supply. With the wondrous tide of tortoise life brought to a low ebb in the nineteenth century by man, there followed no rise when he withdrew. The pests he had introduced proved sufficient to prevent any increase among the scattered survivors. Dogs, pigs, cats, and rats, abandoned there, returned to the feral state and increased to thousands. The eggs and newly hatched young of the tortoises became their prey, few escaping. The adults wearing their shell armour were largely immune. Then followed the Ecuadorians, who killed tortoises assiduously for their oil. The animals have long been extinct on eight of the islands where they once swarmed. . . . With these facts under consideration the New York Zoological Society authorised the

[*Continued below.*



2. THREE FLIGHTLESS CORMORANTS RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY BY WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT: BIRDS "INDIGENOUS SOLELY TO THE GALAPAGOS ARCHIPELAGO" AND FOUND ONLY ON TWO ISLANDS.



3. "DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE" AMONG TORTOISES: THE SMALLEST ALBEMARLE ISLAND SPECIMEN IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK (WEIGHING 3¾ OZ.) PERCHED ON THE HEAD OF THE LARGEST GALAPAGOS TORTOISE IN THE PARK (WEIGHING 350 LB.), KEPT THERE 24 YEARS, AND OF AN AGE VARIOUSLY ESTIMATED FROM 80 TO 300 YEARS.

Continued.]

writer to procure, if possible, a breeding stock of tortoises for colonisation in our Southern States under favourable climatic conditions. With the co-operation of the U.S. Bureau of Fisheries, the steamer 'Albatross II.' was sent to the Galapagos in March, 1928, under my direction. The success of the expedition greatly exceeded our expectations, and 180 tortoises were captured in the mountains of southern Albemarle." Tortoise colonies have been established in many places, including Panama, Bermuda, San Diego, and New Orleans. Mr. Townsend gives much interesting detail regarding their development.

BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE SOCIETY'S "BULLETIN." NO. 1 BY MORRIS ROSENFELD.

THE HOUDON CENTENARY CELEBRATED THIS YEAR: A GREAT FRENCH SCULPTOR, OF PRE-REVOLUTION IDEAS.



"FILLETTE INCONNUE."
(From the Collection of Baron James de Rothschild.)



"CLAUDINE HOUDON."
(Terra-cotta Bust shown in the 1791 Salon, now Owned by M. J. de Saint-Pierre.)



"LOUISE BRONGNIART."
(From the Collection of G. Franck.)



"L'ÉTÉ."
(Terra-cotta Head from the Collection of the Comte de Camondo.)



"LA FRILEUSE."
(Marble Figure Done for Claudine Houdon, in the Collection of Princess Faucigny-Lucinge.)



"LA PETITE LISE."
(Marble Bust, Signed and Dated 1775, in the Collection of Princess Faucigny-Lucinge.)



"MARQUIS DE BOUILLÉ."
(From the Collection of the Marquis de Bouillé.)



"SABINE."
(Plaster Cast of a Celebrated Bust; in the Possession of M. Lalou.)



"LE PREMIER PRÉSIDENT DE NICOLAY."
(From the Collection of Comte G. de Contades.)

This year France has celebrated the centenary of the death of her famous sculptor, Jean Antoine Houdon, who was born at Versailles about 1741, and died in Paris on July 16, 1828. He portrayed most of his noted contemporaries, and during a visit to America, with Benjamin Franklin, lived for a time with George Washington at Philadelphia, where he modelled a bust of Washington, from which he afterwards made his Richmond statue. "Houdon's vocation for sculpture," says a French writer, M. Jean Louis Vaudoyer, "showed itself early, but it can hardly be explained by heredity. His father was a worthy person who had been first a manservant, then a wine merchant, and two years after his son's birth, became *concierge* to the École des Elèves Protégés. Jean Antoine Houdon grew up, therefore, in an atmosphere of studios, where his first toys were lumps of clay. 'Born, so to speak, on the steps of the Academy,' he wrote later, 'I have sculpted since the age of nine; and at sixteen I won the Grand Prix.' He therefore went to Italy when he was quite young, but the greatest work which he produced during his student years was the famous 'Ecorché,' which proved that he had not been diverted by Rome's influence from his taste

(Continued opposite.

HOUDON AS PORTRAITIST: "A MAN OF THE 18TH CENTURY *SALONS*."



"COMTESSE DE SABRAN."
(From the Collection of H. Piazza.)



"MIRABEAU."
(From the Collection of A. Camoin.)



"NAPOLÉON I."
(From the Collection of A. Camoin.)



"SOPHIE ARNOULD."
(From the Collection of Edgar Stern.)

Continues.
for direct observation of life. On his return to France Houdon was admitted to the Academy. His work for his reception was 'Morpheus,' a study of a sleeping man. . . . But Houdon is not only an analyser. If he has been very fortunate in his portraiture of men for whom only the realm of ideas existed, he has been no less happy in his portraiture of children. Houdon's life was a long one—too long for his glory and happiness. He had no sympathy for the Revolution, which killed everything that he loved. He was entirely unprepared for a form of art such as that of David, and could show no enthusiasm for the Napoleonic era. He was essentially a man of the eighteenth-century *salons* and the Encyclopædia." During the Revolution Houdon was denounced to the Convention for having a statue of a saint in his studio, but escaped through the presence of mind of a friendly member of the tribunal, who declared that the figure represented "Philosophy." During the ten years he spent in Italy, after having won the *prix de Rome* at nineteen, it is interesting now to recall, he saw the early excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, on which latter site remarkable new discoveries have just been made.



FIG. 1. A MINIATURE FROM AN ITALIAN GRADUAL OF THE SIENESE SCHOOL (FIFTEENTH CENTURY): "THE VISIT OF THE SHEPHERDS."

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS: PICTURES OF THE NATIVITY.

By Lieut.-Colonel E. F. STRANGE, C.B.E., Late Keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

A GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance, who lives in the country on a moderate but sufficient competence, has for some years occupied his leisure with a hobby that, to me, is singularly attractive and may well be recommended to persons of taste in like circumstances. This, briefly, is the collection of illustrations of a particular incident in the Gospel story, the subject chosen by him being the Annunciation. His means do not allow the large expenditure that would be required if he tried to buy originals, or even many of the more elaborate photographs of paintings, sculpture, or other works of art that are now available in so large quantities. But, with patience and perseverance, and at small cost, he has got together a really amazing series of representations of one sort or another of his theme—postcards, prints, cuttings from illustrated papers and magazines, many photographs taken by himself or contributed by his friends, who are all laid under requisition in this respect, and cheerfully carry the burden. The mass of material is not pasted haphazard into scrap-books. That would be to render it almost useless for purposes of study and comparison. A hint has been taken from modern business methods, and the prints, etc., loosely mounted on standardised sheets and disposed according to subject and treatment in a filing cabinet. Classification, to begin with, was on broad general lines; as the collection grew, it began automatically to sub-divide itself, until a fairly close and practicable index was possible.

At this time of the year, the subject pre-eminent in the thought of the Christian world is the Nativity, and this one ventures to recommend to those interested as affording an even more fascinating and widely varied field for work than the choice of my friend. The group of scenes that might well be dealt with in this connection would comprise the Nativity itself, those relating to the Shepherds, the Adoration of the Magi, and the Flight into Egypt, with perhaps the Massacre of the Innocents. Popular ideas of the pictorial treatment of these and kindred subjects have perhaps been too much influenced by the works of painters of the later Renaissance and modern schools; but the theology of art, as it has been well termed, demands a much more extended study than can be based on these grounds. In the Middle Ages, doctrine was largely expounded to the unlearned by means of illustration, in stone, in stained glass, in the mural paintings which enriched almost all the available space of the churches; and, for those of higher culture, in illuminated manuscripts. The arts of engraving and printing came late upon the scene; and, as they developed, they crystallised the traditional representations of the story; but, at the same time, they preserved a considerable measure of it when the paintings were being limewashed, the sculptures defaced, the glass smashed, and the manuscripts mutilated or destroyed altogether.

Within the space of this essay one can only attempt the merest outline of a plan on which the collector might proceed. The thirteenth century, for instance, was an age, in religious art, of intense symbolism. Interpretation hardly condescends to realistic treatment, and the illustration of the subject was not that of an artist's conception, but a matter of doctrine. A variation would have been deemed almost heretical. The Persons of the Trinity, Angels, and the Apostles, for instance, must have the feet bare, while those of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints should be shod. A tower pierced by a door is a town; but if an angel is on the battlements it is a symbol of the Heavenly Jerusalem—and so on, to an infinity of detail. In the representations of the Nativity, for instance, we find a significant example of this symbolism. The Holy Child is shown, not in a manger, but on an altar above which is a lamp. His Mother lies on a couch, turned away from Him; and the building is of an ecclesiastical character. This version occurs in many manuscripts of the earlier Middle Ages, and a sculptured example is in the porch of Laon Cathedral. The idea is that of Sacrifice from the moment of birth—an offering upon the altar. In the fourteenth century the more familiar theme begins to appear, and, although symbolic treatment persisted here and there until well into the fifteenth century, the dominant feature of the composition is henceforth the adoration of the Holy Mother for the Child.



FIG. 3. FROM A FRENCH ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT BOOK OF HOURS DATED ABOUT 1470: "THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS."

One could hardly find a more perfect presentation of this idea than in the wood-cut from Albert Dürer's "Little Passion" (Fig. 4). His elaborate version of the subject in the "Life of the Virgin," about 12 by 8 inches in size, has many more figures and detail generally; but the simplicity and direct appeal of the smaller print places it on a level higher than any to be achieved by technical qualities, however masterly—though in the former is a group of singing child-angels that has inspired painters and carvers ever since. The Child here is in a rude basket, tended by one angel, and adored by His Mother and the Shepherds. St. Joseph holds a lantern, and in the distance is a little sketch of the Angel appearing to the Shepherds, and above is the Star. We miss the ox and the ass, but the story could hardly be better told. The strong lines of the wood-cut lend themselves easily to reproduction, and faithful copies are easily obtainable by those who cannot afford an original. In Fig. 2, "The Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph Adoring the Holy Child," we have a more complex treatment, with the ox and the ass conspicuous in the composition, and Bethlehem in the distance. This cut, made on soft metal with the ground hollowed out so as to leave the lines in relief, like type, and with the background punched (*criblé*), is characteristic of the series of very beautifully printed and illustrated Books of Hours produced, chiefly at Paris, at the end of the fifteenth century. Our illustration is from the "Hore Beate Marie Virginis secundum usum Romanum," printed by T. Kerver for G. Renacle in 1500.

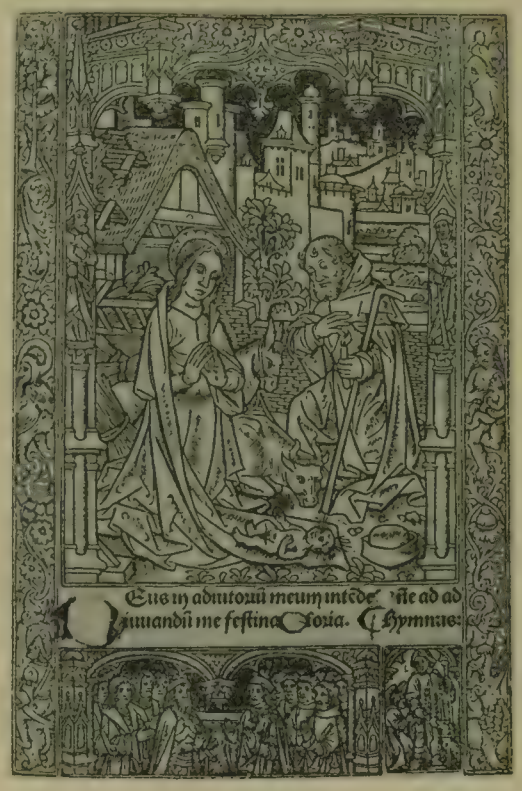


FIG. 2. METAL-CUT FROM A BOOK OF HOURS PRINTED IN PARIS ABOUT 1500: "THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND ST. JOSEPH ADORING THE HOLY CHILD."

Our illustration (Fig. 3) of the appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds is also from a French Book of Hours—in this case an illuminated manuscript of about the date 1470. (In another instance, the names of the Shepherds are given—Gobin le Gay and Le Beau Roger—taken from one of those romances of the period which were so much in vogue.) The bagpipes (which also appear in the Dürer prints) are interesting; and the city in the distance, with its moat and massive gate, may be compared with that in Fig. 2. The angel, with a glory of golden rays, holds a scroll with the first words of the canticle, "Gloria in excelcis Deo Et in terra..." The dress is that of peasants of the period, and the intelligent dog may probably also be taken as true to type. The charming border of flowers and strawberries should also be noted. In Professor Tristram's reconstruction of the paintings in St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster, some of the sheep are in a wattled sheep-fold.

From so great a wealth of material, it is difficult to choose; but the initial (Fig. 1) from an illuminated manuscript of the Sienese School (fifteenth century) has that quality of simplicity which is so entirely appropriate to its subject—the Adoration by the Shepherds. Here the Holy Child, in swaddling clothes, and with a nimbus, is in a crib of basket-work, supported by posts. The scene is in a cave or grotto in a hillside sparsely dotted with olive-trees. The shepherds, one middle-aged and one elderly, rest on their staves with hands upraised in prayer; and one lamb, the symbolism of which is evident,



FIG. 4. A WOOD-CUT FROM THE "LITTLE PASSION," BY ALBRECHT DÜRER: "THE NATIVITY, WITH THE SHEPHERDS."

[Continued on page 1212.

Play Titles bottled by Worthington

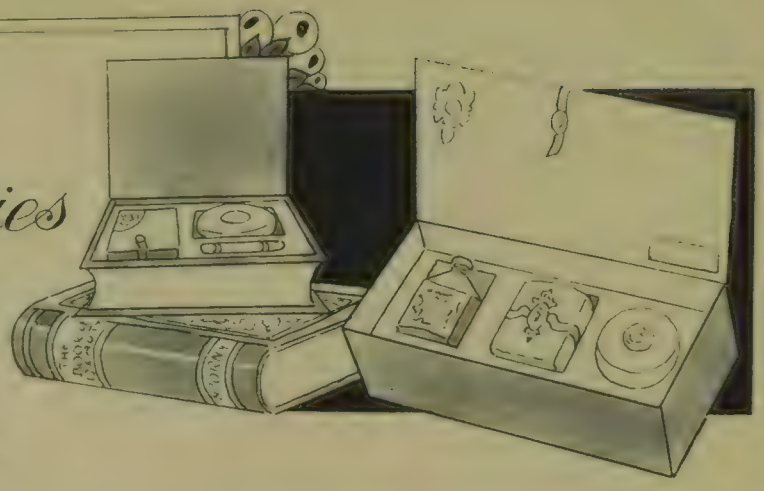


"YOUNG WOODLEY"

Fashions & Fancies



A coffret for a man, containing a shaving-bowl, bath salts, and talcum powder, and a bronze-gilt bath dusting-powder container, with the puff in a separate "week-end" compartment, from Morny's, of Regent Street, W.



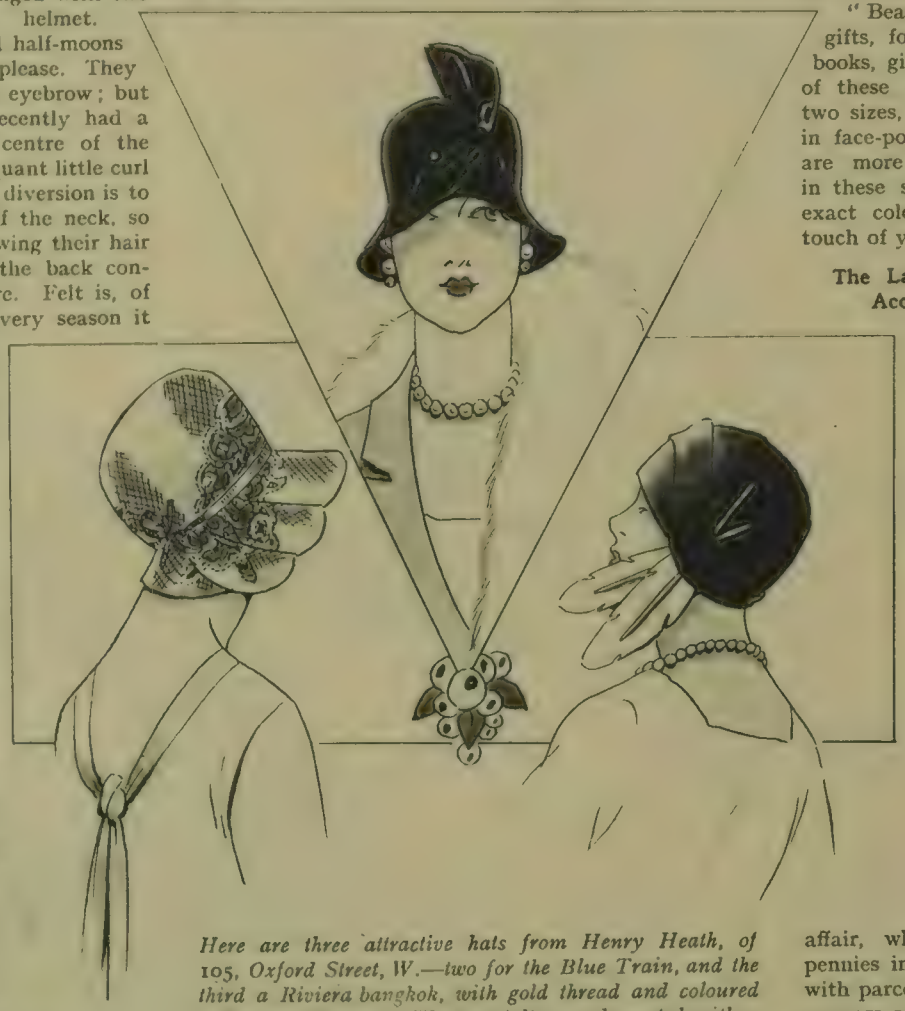
Above are two of Morny's fascinating "Beauty Books"—handsome-looking tomes in gilt-engraved calf, which conceal powder, perfume, and soap in one of this firm's famous series. On the right is a useful coffret containing perfume, powder, and soap to match.

Moods of the Hat.

Hats are in a very versatile mood just now. The majority of the smart models are jaunty little variations of the beret, neither Scottish nor Basque, but quaint little skull-caps, some arranged with two tiny horns like a Mephistophelean helmet. Curiously shaped "cut out" angles and half-moons may occur unexpectedly wherever you please. They are usually, it is true, just above one eyebrow; but one very *chic* little model I saw recently had a crescent-shaped piece cut out in the centre of the forehead, through which appeared a piquant little curl well plastered down. Another amusing diversion is to have these "intervals" at the nape of the neck, so that those who are in the throes of growing their hair can have the little bunch of curls at the back conveniently escaping through the aperture. Felt is, of course, still the universal provider. Every season it seems to become softer, more pliable, and more firmly entrenched as the winter mode. Reversible velours are, however, also fashionable this year, used in two shades of brown, dark red, or deep emerald. For sports and travelling, black velvet stitched with colour is a new idea which looks very effective. Hat ornaments are rather at a discount just now, excepting for those in real jewels. The brooches, if worn, are very small; a tiny diamond feather or two crystal drops replacing the monuments and ships in full sail which were on the crest of so many hats a few months ago.

Hats for the Blue Train and the Riviera.

Already thoughts of flying south are in the air, and in the shops first glimpses of Riviera fashions can be seen by the privileged. Sketched in the centre of this page are a trio of hats from Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W.—two designed for travelling, and the third for the hot sun. The felt in the centre has a most effective loop to match, passed through a slot in the crown. The small toque on the right is also of black felt, pierced with two golden quills. Opposite is a wide-brimmed affair in bangkok, decorated with gold thread and coloured embroidery—a significant hint that the new season's hats will be trimmed with greater elaboration. There are many new bangkoks and other light straws to be found in these salons, and also, of course, the famous sports hats for which they are renowned. These are obtainable from 30s. upwards in every colour of the rainbow, and it must be remembered that large as well as small fittings are always well studied



Here are three attractive hats from Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W.—two for the Blue Train, and the third a Riviera bangkok, with gold thread and coloured embroidery flowers. The two felts are decorated with a large bow and two golden quills respectively.

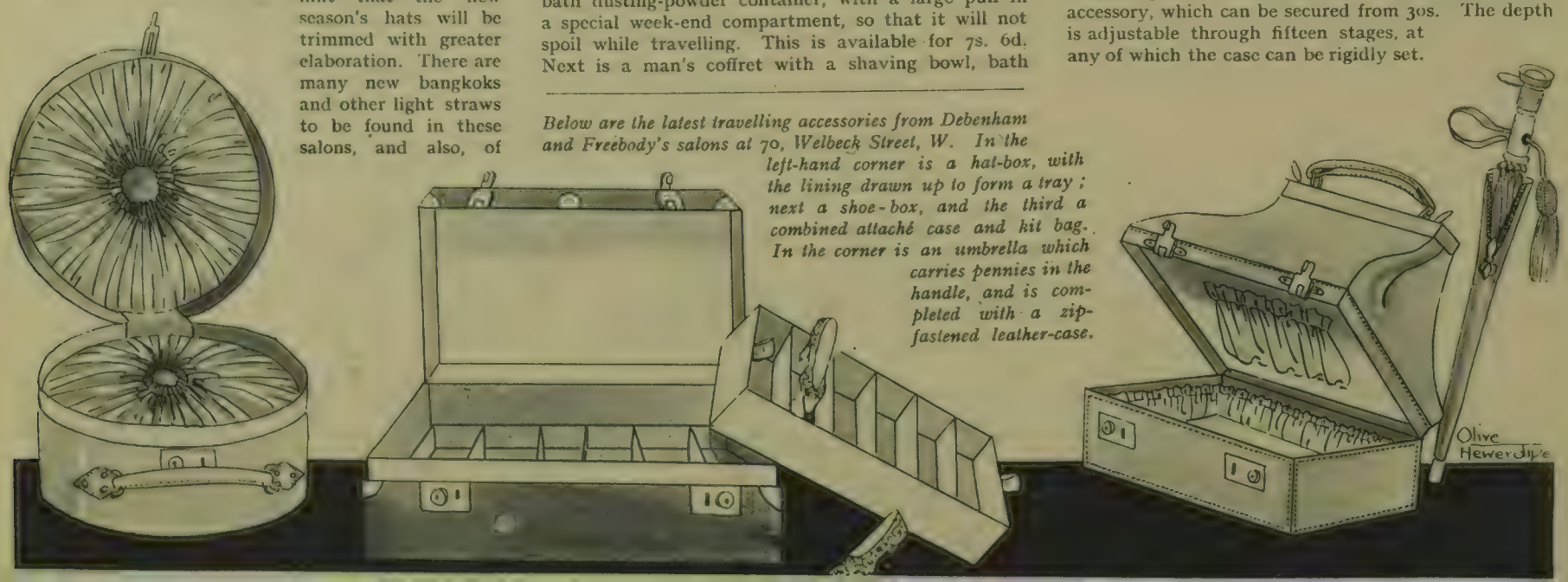
Fragrant Perfumes and Powders.

Nowhere are there to be found more delightful offerings for Christmas and the New Year than at Morny's, of 201, Regent Street, W., the home of so many famous perfumes. "June Roses" and "Chaminade" are names which are known and appreciated all over the world. Not only are these pleasing to everyone, but there are so many striking caskets, jars, and toilet-table accessories which make really decorative presents as well as their fragrant contents. For instance, sketched on this page is a characteristic group, including a bronze-gilt bath dusting-powder container, with a large puff in a special week-end compartment, so that it will not spoil while travelling. This is available for 7s. 6d. Next is a man's coffret with a shaving bowl, bath soap, talcum powder, etc., at 9s. 6d., and opposite one for a woman, with powder, perfume, and soap, for 11s. 6d. Last, but by no means least, are the "Beauty Books" on the right, really lovely gifts, for the cases are in the form of beautiful books, gilt engraved on calf, concealing inside some of these coveted toilet accessories. They are in two sizes, at 20s. and 37s. 6d. Morny specialise in face-powder of every tint imaginable, and there are more than twenty different shades to be found in these salons, amongst which is sure to be the exact colour which will be the perfect finishing touch of your complexion.

The Latest Travelling Accessories.

There is always so much enforced travelling at this season of the year, even before the exodus to the southern sunshine, that it is by no means out of place to describe the latest travelling accessories. Sketched below is a group from Debenham and Freebody's salons at Welbeck Street, W. In the left-hand corner is a hat-box which is fitted with a lining that can be drawn over the hats, thus making a tray for other objects. This is available for 59s. 6d. Next comes a most convenient shoe-box with a tray—an accessory which every woman should possess, for travelling with many shoes packed away at the bottom of the trunk not only spoils the shoes, but also the trunk. The third is a most ingenious attaché case and kit-bag combined, which holds a multitude of things. It is small and compact, quite easy to carry yourself, but will take a complete week-end wardrobe and toilet accessories. This costs 5½ guineas. On the right is the latest mode in umbrellas—a most amusing affair, which is made with a place for storing pennies in the handle, so that when you are loaded with parcels on a bus, you press the handle and there appears at once a penny ready for the conductor to take. The umbrella is provided with a zip-fastened leather case, and can be secured for 52s. 6d. In these salons, too, may be found the "Innovation" trunks, which are fitted with hangers and drawers so that clothes may be carried without the slightest harm. The "Expandit" suit-case is another useful travelling accessory, which can be secured from 30s. The depth is adjustable through fifteen stages, at any of which the case can be rigidly set.

Below are the latest travelling accessories from Debenham and Freebody's salons at 70, Welbeck Street, W. In the left-hand corner is a hat-box, with the lining drawn up to form a tray; next a shoe-box, and the third a combined attaché case and kit bag. In the corner is an umbrella which carries pennies in the handle, and is completed with a zip-fastened leather-case.



BY APPOINTMENT

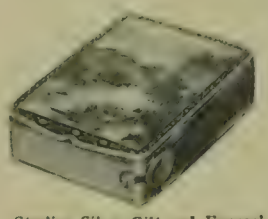


The Final Touch.

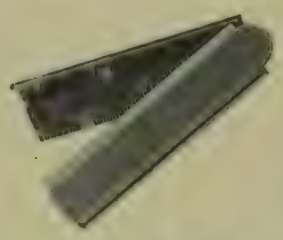
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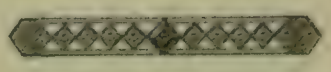
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY "HERCULES."

AFTER reviving Handel's "Solomon," Sir Thomas Beecham has now given us another neglected and almost forgotten work of Handel's—namely, the oratorio, "Hercules," which was performed at the Queen's Hall at the last concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society. "Hercules" was not very well received; the attitude of many musicians and music-lovers seemed to be that it was too Handelian, and the work of the craftsman rather than the inspired musician. I am not so sure that this is a sound judgment, and although, in judging of works of art, it is impossible to let the historical factor override the æsthetic, yet we cannot properly appreciate any work of art unless we understand and sympathise with the composer's aims.

Handel was a typically eighteenth-century musician in spite of his genius, and we must bear that in mind when we are listening to his music. What hope would there be of *anyone* being able to appreciate a piece of baroque architecture who went expecting to find a Gothic cathedral, or vice-versa? The eighteenth century had its own musical convention, and we must know how to enjoy the details within that convention if we are to get pleasure from it. The libretto of "Hercules" offers an excellent test of our capacity to do this. It was written by a clergyman named the Rev. Thomas Broughton, and its verses are full of the classical allusions and conceits with which the poetry of the period abounded. But the workmanship is neat and effective, and to me the verses of the Rev. Thomas Broughton are by no means to be sniffed at. On the contrary, I enjoy their dignity and good manners as well as an occasional frankness of expression which is almost comic. Here is a typical piece of the reverend gentleman's blank verse spoken by Hercules—

Now farewell, arms! from hence the tide of time
Shall bear me gently down to mellow age;
From war to love I fly, my cares to lose
In gentle Dejaneira's fond embrace.

This is a recitative set to admirably appropriate music by Handel. In fact, the recitatives—as Sir Thomas Beecham aptly put it—sound much the same as they read, and form a suitable contrast to the livelier, more melodious airs. When the Rev. Thomas Broughton has to write in rhyme for the airs he is equally at ease, and can fashion verse that is as unmistakably of its period as Empire furniture or early Victorian antimacassars. Here is a well-turned stanza—

The god of battle quits the bloody field,
And useless hang the glittering spear and shield;
While all resign'd to conqu'ring beauty's charms
He gives himself to love in Cytherea's arms.

Nor is our excellent parson confined to one particular kind of metre. When he is called upon to be gay and sprightly, he can be as jocund as any other eighteenth-century bard, as, for example—

Crown with festal pomp the day,
Be mirth extravagantly gay,
Bid the grateful altars smoke,
Bid the maids the youths provoke
To join the dance, while music's voice
Tells aloud our rapturous joys.

It does not become twentieth-century bards to censure the Rev. Thomas for his rhyming of "joys" with "voice"; but otherwise his verses are impeccable, and if we were to take the single line, "Bid the maids the youths provoke" out of its context, we might even be able to admire the poet for a daring which no twentieth-century clergyman would be likely to rival.

Handel has set this libretto to music which is similarly cut to a pattern; but while this pattern is uniformly good, there are moments of exceptional beauty when Handel rises above his usual level. He does this oftener than his librettist—being a man of genius; but even his librettist has moments, as in the following verse, which is extremely happy in its movement—

The smiling hours a joyful train
On silken pinions waft again
The moments of delight.
Returning pleasures banish woe
As ebbing streams recruited flow
And day succeeds to night.

It is unfortunate that we cannot have these Handelian revivals sung by a small picked choir, and played by a specially picked orchestra, and rendered with the utmost possible perfection, because they need such treatment to be properly appreciated.

The present age is accustomed to having its senses assaulted by a frontal attack, and it is not very easily susceptible to the quieter music of the past. Nor are our singers able to give that refinement of phrasing and that deliberate art to their work which would reveal how much variety and subtlety lurks below the apparently smooth and monotonous surface of such music as that to "Hercules." But a day will come when we shall be better able to enjoy these qualities, and, in keeping Handel's work alive by occasional revivals, Sir Thomas Beecham is doing a valuable service.

Much of the criticism I have heard directed against this revival of "Hercules" by the Royal Philharmonic Society was due to the discontent with their programmes generally. With the exception of the pianoforte concerto by Medtner at the first concert, not a single modern work has been performed during the present season. And Medtner's work can hardly be described as either "new" or "modern."

But surely the Royal Philharmonic Society could find something more novel than a Medtner pianoforte concerto! What about Paul Hindemith? He has written a great deal of music which is well known in Germany, and I have heard him highly spoken of by musicians whose judgment I trust. Such of his music as I have heard—and it has been entirely chamber music—has struck me as being the work of a man who has something to say, and who is forging a way for himself of saying it. This is the sort of composer whose compositions should be offered to the consideration and judgment of the public; but no! not a single composition by Hindemith is down for performance during the whole cycle of eight concerts concluding on April 18 next year.

One gets tired of criticising the Royal Philharmonic Society. We all know it has not got a great deal of money at its disposal, but then its concerts are never, or hardly ever, full. Perhaps the management is in the hands of too small a clique, for I can think of no other explanation for its so long continued lethargy and inefficiency. The Royal Philharmonic Society ought to have one of the finest orchestras in Europe. London should be able at least to match Berlin and Vienna in this respect; but, of course, we all know that it does not. Such a state of affairs as the history of the Royal Philharmonic Society presents us with during the past ten years would not be tolerated in Berlin or Vienna, or even in Paris. But somehow we drift on from bad to worse in London, because of the lack of some musical Cromwell who will "take away that bauble," and give us in place of the present moribund Philharmonic Society a reorganised institution with new men at its head, men who have but one interest at heart—the cause of music in England. And when such men are at the head directing its policy we shall find that the finances of the Society will flourish also.

W. J. TURNER.



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THE GHOSTS OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

(*Continued from Page 1202.*)

When one considers the history of the Castle, the stories of such tragedies as the burial alive of his enemies by King John, who walled his victims in and left them to an awful death, it is difficult to believe—if one believes in ghosts at all—that so much could happen without leaving some ghostly echo to remind those of to-day of the tragedies of yesterday.

But now, in visiting the many chambers of the Castle, with their electric lights, and beautiful furniture, and evidences of good modern taste combined with appreciation of older things, it is equally hard to imagine that such light and "lived-in" rooms should harbour spirits of unhappy dead people, who cannot lie contented in their graves.

Not so many months ago, a servant was sitting in one of the rooms of the Castle when, so she told the people next day, she saw a ghost walking slowly along a corridor. She could not describe the spectre: her fear clouded her perception; but, if the story be true, this was doubtless the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, who is said to haunt the Vandyke room and the library. The library is a marvellous chamber, with one of the most precious collections of books and paintings and drawings in the world. Of the 900 known drawings of Leonardo da Vinci, 500 are in this collection. Kings and Queens of almost every century have used this library, and no wonder, if ghosts be realities at all, that some lonely figure haunts the succession of august rooms.

Queen Anne was sitting in one little alcove when the news of Blenheim was brought to her: that was before these rooms were made into the library. The books on the shelves—precious books, some jewelled and so rare that, even in this sacred place, they are kept under lock and key—have given pleasure to happy and unhappy kings. The officer on guard, sitting in the library one day, some years ago, swore that the spectre of Queen Elizabeth appeared before him. Perhaps the servant-girl of 1926 saw the same ghostly figure making its solitary journey where, three hundred years ago, it made a more physical progress.

In the Dean's Cloisters at Windsor, night comes as a mysterious and beautiful thing. The lace-work of carved stone provides a delicate setting for any ghost story. And Windsor has provided the ghost story of the Cloisters with every detail. Above the cloisters is a charming bow window—the Anne Boleyn window it is called by the guides, although there is no definite historical reason to support this. It has been said that she sat in the window in her girlhood, when she lived with her uncle, who was a Canon to the Chapel of St. George. Still, the very beautiful, warm red brick window is there, contrasting definitely with the surrounding walls of solemn grey stone.

The Dean's Cloisters possess four ghosts. Anne Boleyn herself is said to walk around the cloisters at night, and Henry VIII. has also been heard to moan discontentedly here. There was a time when some unbelievers ascribed the moan to the sound of the wind coming up the Hundred Steps. But at night, when the door to these steps has been closed, the eerie noise has still been heard, for Henry VIII. is buried close by in the Chapel, with Charles I. near him.

This unhappy ghost is also credited with nocturnal wanderings in the Cloisters; certain it is that the table upon which they placed his body, during that pitiful night when a grave was being found for him, is within a few yards of the cloisters; perhaps there is some association between the resting-place of that night and the grave in which he has rested from his tragic career all these years.

A few people have seen a ghostly Canon walking from the Chapel door, but he has not become a very substantial ghost, and one can learn little of his appearances. But the funniest ghost story of all those credited to the Dean's Cloisters is told of Dean Wellesley, who was Queen Victoria's Dean of Windsor. There came a bitterly cold night, when the English winter was as Polar as possible. The Dean was going to bed; he was already in his nightshirt, drinking a warming potion before retiring. He thought of the lonely sentry in the Cloisters, and went down to give him a drink. The sentry saw a white arm appear from the wall with a glass in its hand. He screamed and fled, according to the local story-tellers. Thus may a ghost story grow into being.

There is a motorist in Windsor who declares that, in driving from London to Windsor late at night, he has been held up by the ghost of an old stage coach crossing the road—a stage coach of the oldest pattern which passes slowly through the fence, across the road, and through the opposite fence, into the field. This experience has also been claimed by many people, not known one to the other.

But it is still to Herne the Hunter that Windsor turns with greatest pride. The story may be told so often that it will become true, and Herne may be forced some day to put in a definite appearance and record his baying hounds and his horn for the gramophone—better still, have himself broadcast. A broadcast ghost!

PICTURES OF THE NATIVITY.

(*Continued from Page 1206.*)

has been brought with them. Above a rough tilt are two angels in glory, painted with a fine blue—all the rest of the composition being in subdued colours and in striking but effective contrast with the orange vermilion, blue, pale-green, and pink of the boldly drawn foliage that surrounds the miniature. This initial is a sad witness to a practice now, one hopes, definitely at an end, when anyone with a little enterprise and the equivalent of a few shillings to spend could buy and take away initials, and even pages, from service-books still presumably doing their duty in the churches or libraries to which they belonged.

For the last scene with which, in our limited space, we can now deal, "The Adoration by the Magi," we may mention an example of a very different type, a Flemish miniature of about the year 1500. Here, everything is as in a palace, the Blessed Virgin seated beneath a canopy, and only some ruined brickwork in the distance to suggest the Scriptural poverty of the surroundings. The two kneeling figures of the Kings are certainly portraits from life, and so also, probably, is that of St. Joseph in the distance. In the St. Stephen's Chapel painting of this subject (1350-1360), the Kings were right royally clad and their gifts were masterpieces of goldsmiths' work, such as few survive nowadays; and if one makes a bare mention of the fine fourteenth-century "Adoration" in the Church of All Saints, North Street, York, it is but to suggest that the stained glass of our own churches must not be overlooked in the search. The paintings of the great Italian and other masters need no recommendation.

Stratton-Instone, Ltd., have just been honoured with an order from his Grace the Archbishop (R.C.) of Liverpool for a Daimler enclosed limousine, which will be delivered on Jan. 1. The Archbishopric of Liverpool has always favoured Daimler cars for official use.

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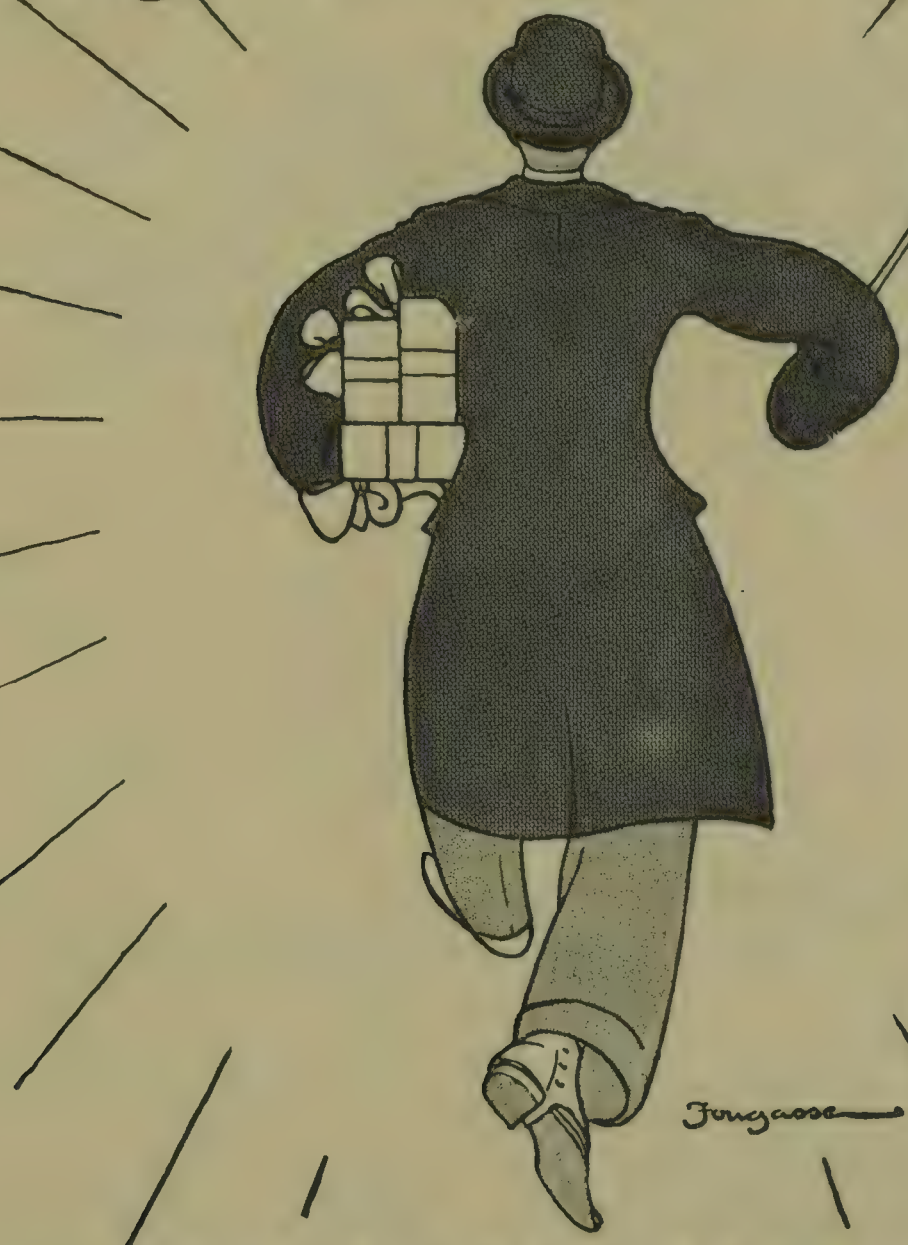


1.—VIEW OF THE MONTE-CARLO GOLF CLUB AND PART OF THE 18-HOLES COURSE.

2.—A CORNER OF THE FAMOUS CASINO TERRACES ON A MORNING IN JANUARY.

3.—A VIEW OF THE MONTE-CARLO COUNTRY CLUB, WHERE TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS SPEND THE BEST PART OF THE DAY.

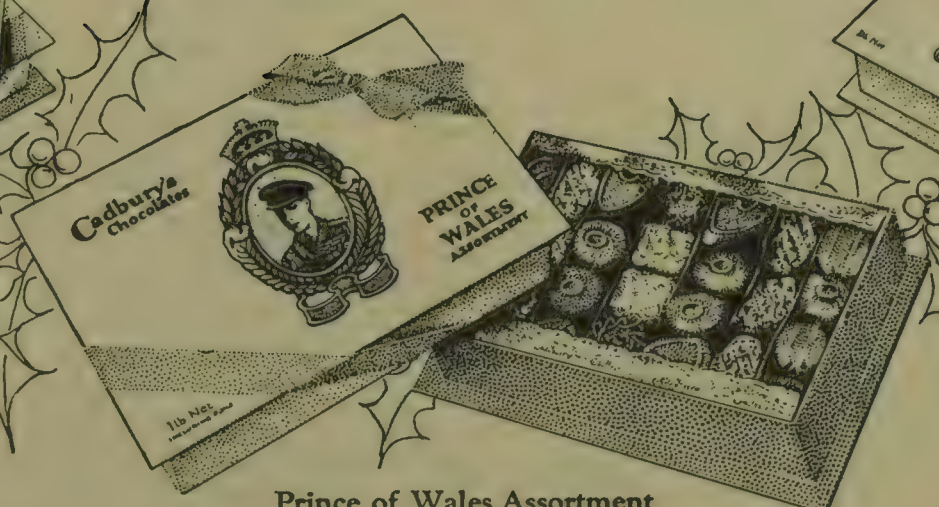
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REAL CAR COMFORT—THE NEW VAUXHALL.

ONE of the best things about owning and driving a succession of cars of varying degrees of price and quality is that every week teaches you something new, every month shows you how little you know compared with what you thought you knew about the proper equipment of your own car.

Comfort Versus "Decoration." You talk glibly about "comfort in the car," but if you were suddenly asked to define it you would probably be left wondering. "Comfort" should mean so much, and may so easily mean gilded discomfort. Real comfort is not always or even often like luxury, its rich and oppressive relation. If, like most people nowadays, you are an owner-driver, you want comfort of a comprehensive kind, not to be measured in cushion-depth or the provision of cigar-lighters and flower-pots. These things to a car are as the decorations of a house to its central heating, number of bath-rooms, lighting, and so forth. They come afterwards—if at all. My ideas about the comfort of a modern car are first concerned with the engine and chassis details. I do not care in the least how many cylinders the former has, provided there is a minimum of four; nor how the latter is sprung, provided it is well sprung: but I care a great deal about the arrangements for my comfort and for the reduction of the trouble I have to endure in order to ensure the proper running of the car.

The Necessity for Real Accessibility. In my really comfortable car I want everything genuinely accessible, from magneto to battery, from brake-adjustment to lubrication points. I must never be asked to prostrate myself upon the earth, either prone or supine, in order to carry out some elementary, essential, and periodical duty such as changing the oil in sump or gear-box. I must never have to lift all the floor-boards—and probably remove the front seats—in order to put the grease-gun where it is wanted. I must be able to jack up the car in the shortest possible time, with the least possible exertion, in the dark if necessary.



AN R.A.F. TROOP-CARRIER USED IN IRAQ: THE VICKERS-NAPIER "VERNON" MACHINE.

The famous engineering firm of D. Napier and Son, Ltd., of Acton, have recently produced an elaborate and interesting volume describing the construction and achievement of the Napier aero engine. Our illustration, which is taken from this book, shows the Vickers-Napier "Vernon" troop-carrier, which is used by the Royal Air Force in Iraq, and will carry two pilots and ten soldiers complete with equipment. This type of machine is also used for carrying mails between Baghdad and Cairo. It is fitted with two 450-h.p. Napier aero engines.

Dual Electric Outfits. These are merely a few essentials. I also want dual ignition, and a duplicate starting and lighting plant. Not, naturally, on my £200 mass-produced machine, but most certainly on my £2000 (or less) car of breeding. Both magneto and battery ignition have been greatly improved in the past two or three years, but in my trouble-free car I must have my reserves. You cannot insure against failure, but you can, without much trouble or expense, reduce its risks by half. I must have a sensibly arranged petrol-supply. The best I have seen yet is one wherein the engine is fed by gravity from a four-gallon tank, supplied from a main ten-gallon tank by vacuum. If your vacuum-pump fails, you have always got, at the minimum, two or three hours' supply available, so that your engine does not depend for its fuel-feed upon mechanism.

And Dual Screen-Wipers. I want the starting-handle a fixture, as it ought to be, and not a clumsy-looking, makeshift incubus, as it generally is. Is it more convenient to carry it under a cushion, where it is a nuisance, and whence it may be lost; or where it does its work, is never in the way, and cannot be mislaid? That is a simple form of comfort, as I conceive it—just as I consider a double wind-screen wiper to be as much a necessity for the driver as a courtesy to his front-seat passenger. Why in the world should only a third of the screen be kept clear when, at a small extra cost, everyone can see where they are going?

The Importance of Proper Ventilation. It goes without saying that a really comfortable car has pneumatic upholstery, at any rate so far as the cushions are concerned, and that the floor, back as well as front, is covered with rubber matting. I do not ask for draughtless driving in a saloon, any more than I do in a hooded car with side-screens, because that is very nearly asking for the non-existent; but I do ask for proper ventilation. During the last cold snap I had occasion to drive both a saloon and an open car in some ten degrees of frost during two very similar days, and there was no comparison between the two. Both were bitterly cold carriages, but we left the open car feeling braced and alive, and the saloon in a depressed and chilly condition. There was no argument about the matter: it was quite obvious that an open car, with all its rigours, is preferable to a closed one inadequately ventilated.

[Continued on page 1220.



As the gift should be—
the best of its kind

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"Fit and Forget"

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The all British "Standard"

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO LTD.
COVENTRY

9th November 1928.

Messrs C.C.Wakefield & Co.Ltd.,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our satisfaction with Wakefield CASTROL Motor Oil, which we have used in our Works for the past 10 years.

As you are aware all STANDARD cars are filled with Wakefield CASTROL before leaving our Works, and a spare tin of CASTROL is included in the equipment.

STANDARD CARS have, as you probably know, earned an enviable reputation for smooth running and durability, and it is in order that these qualities may be developed and maintained that we recommend all STANDARD owners to use your product.

Wishing you every success,

We are, Yours faithfully,
FOR THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD.
C. Cecil Williams
SALES MANAGER



The illustration shows the 9 h.p. long wheelbase "TEIGNMOUTH" STANDARD Saloon at £215. Other models include the "FULHAM" Saloon at £185, and the 15 h.p. 6-cylinder "EXMOUTH" Saloon at £325.

BOLS OF LASTING SUPREMACY

Kümmel
Curaçao
Maraschino
Crème de Menthe
Cherry Brandy
Dry Gin
and
Very Old Hollands Gin

"Alls' well that ends well"—there never was a truer saying, when a Bols Kummel tops your dinner. This fine old liqueur has a delicacy of flavour and aroma beyond compare.

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—X.

By Commander G. C. E. Hampden.

OUTBOARD ENGINES AND BOATS.

THE noise and bustle of the roads is the cause which has driven many to the water; but, if noise is found there also, those who cause it will be early sufferers. It should not be difficult to measure the degree of noise created by various boats, so I should like to see races for outboard craft in which points are lost for noisiness and in which all hulls are identical. A race of this sort would enable the public to judge the true merits of the various engines and hasten the time when these engines have no enemies. I have been asked by many to mention the engine I favour most, but as every request has stated that it must be silent, as it is not required for racing, such demands leave me very small numbers to choose from. The best-known British engine is the single-cylinder two-stroke Watermota. It is made in three models, two of 3-4-h.p., which vary chiefly in weight and price, and the 11-h.p., for racing purposes. This firm supply engines to the Admiralty, and have also been very successful in the various races last summer.

Another British engine which should have a good future is the twin-cylinder four-stroke Coventry Victor, made by the well-known motor-cycle firm of that name. A racing model, with overhead valves, and also a utility type, with reverse gear, are produced, and special efforts have been made to attain silence. As pioneers of such engines, American makers afford a large choice, which ranges from 1½ to 20-h.p. I have no space in which to describe them in detail, but hope to do so later.

For the benefit of the novice, I may mention that the list includes the Caille, Johnston, Elto, Evinrude, Lockwood, Archimedes, Hartford, Penta, and Perfect. If higher power is required, there is the Cross Radial five-cylinder four-stroke engine of 35-50-h.p.

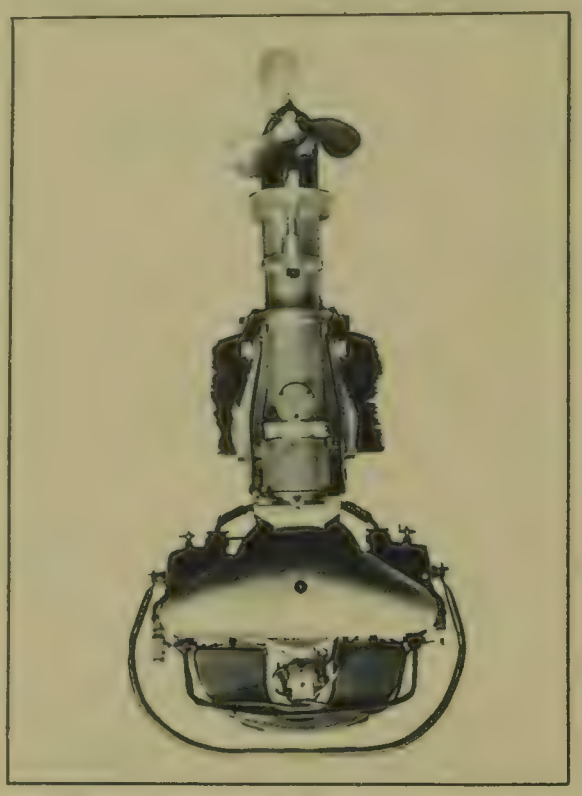
It is a pity that more of the builders of fast inboard boats do not design outboard hulls, for their knowledge and resources would be valuable. This is proved by the results obtained with a hull designed and built by the British Power Boat Company and engined with a Watermota. I understand that over 27½ knots has been attained with this boat, and that she can turn at very high speeds without fear of overturning: this is a great advance on many existing boats.

Another successful racing hull is the See, which is built at Fareham. The builders leave little to chance, and are very clever, with the aid of Rylard varnish, at the production of a glassy outside surface on their hulls: this is all-important where speed is required. For 1929 a speciality has been made of a fast passenger-carrying boat at a low price which, with five passengers, will reach a speed of 25 m.p.h. and 30 m.p.h. with two passengers. A boat-carrying trailer, which can be towed by a motor-car up to 50 m.p.h., is also built by this firm.



UNDERSTOOD TO BE THE FASTEST VESSEL OF HER CLASS: A RACING OUTBOARD BOAT ENGINED WITH A WATERMOTA AND DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THE BRITISH POWER BOAT COMPANY.

Though my object is to advance the cause of the outboard cruiser, I have digressed to racing craft. I have done so because, more than in the case of the engines, the racing hull design is the best groundwork on which to build up the future cruiser, which I predict will have its engine enclosed in a trunkway,



THE NEW TWIN-CYLINDER FOUR-STROKE COVENTRY VICTOR OUTBOARD ENGINE, BUILT BY A FAMOUS MOTOR-CYCLE FIRM: A TYPE IN WHICH SPECIAL EFFORTS HAVE BEEN MADE TO ATTAIN SILENCE.

fitted through the bottom of the boat; it will thus cease to retain the title of "outboard" in favour of "detachable."

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For Sport, Speed and Pleasure buy a

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Visits and enquiries are cordially invited.

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CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

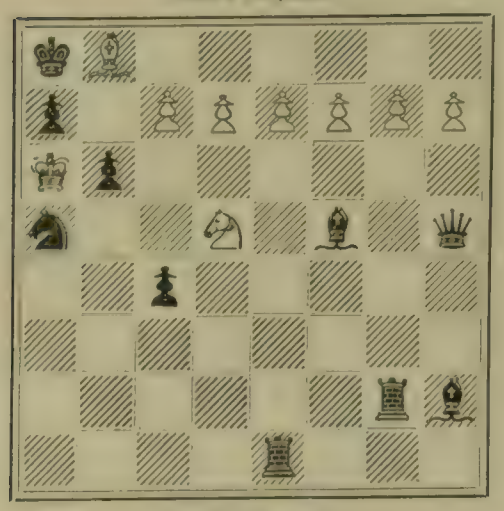
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

In accordance with the practice of our predecessor we give for best prize winners as an aid to the Christmas diversions of our readers.

We will call them "The Five Aces," and shall welcome and [illegible] solutions are issued.

I.—By H. WEENINK and J. HAFFNER. (*L'Echiquier*)

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).
Mate in two.

Space for five diagrams is not available, and we have therefore given the Schiffman and Mari problems in Forsyth notation. Most of our solvers are familiar with this system; but for new readers we give a short explanation (in the next column).

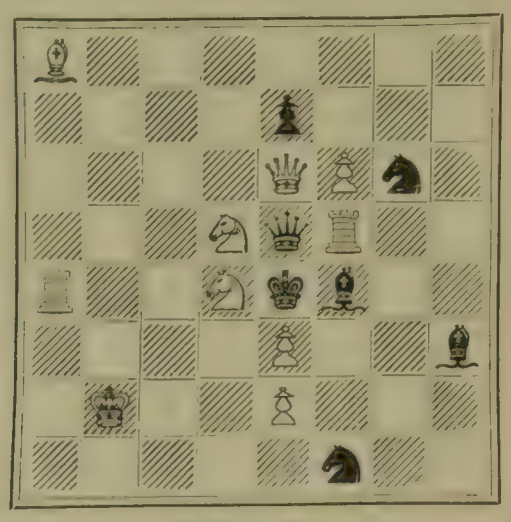
II.—By J. A. SCHIFFMANN.
(*Brisbane Sport's Referee*).

Black, 10 pieces; White, 8 pieces. Mate in two.

1Q2sIII1; pB5b; pk3r2; 2K2p2; 2P5; B1P5; 2KR2pb; 8.

III.—By M. FRANKEM (B.C.F. Tourney).

BLACK (7 pieces).



WHITE (10 pieces).
Mate in two.

FORSYTH NOTATION.

Commence at the top left-hand square (White's QR8) and read along the ranks, as if reading a book; semi-colons divide the ranks. K or k stands for king, Q or q for queen, R or r for rook, B or b for bishop, S or s for knight, and P or p for pawn. Capital letters indicate white pieces, small letters black pieces, and the figures show the number of vacant squares.

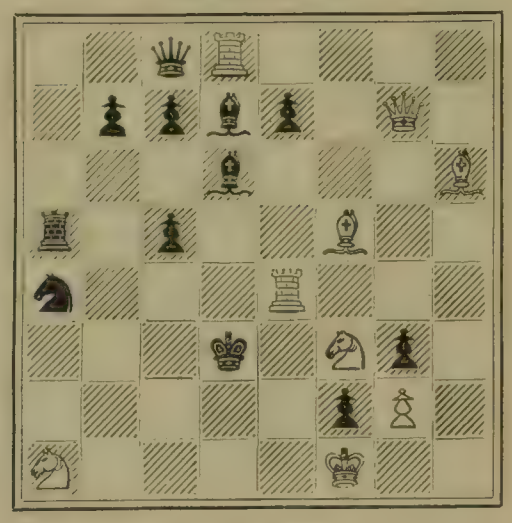
IV.—By A. MARI (Chakmati).

Black, 7 pieces; White, 9 pieces. Mate in two.

8; r7; 5Bip; 4Ss1k; 4p1Sb; 4P2r; 5Q2; 3BK1RR.

V.—By C. MANSFIELD (*L'Italia Scacchistica*).

BLACK (12 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).
Mate in two.

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See situations.

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WEST BAY (slightly elevated). Hôtel: **Alexandra.**

WEST BAY (Sea Front). Hôtels: **Carlton, Prince de Galles.**

WEST BAY (Sea Front). Hôtels-Pension: **Flora, Stella Bella, Rives d'Azur.**

CENTRAL (slightly elevated, 150 feet). Hôtels: **Winter Palace, Riviera Palace, National.**

CENTRAL (slightly elevated, 150 feet). Hôtels-Pension: **Albion, Alex, Edouard VII.**

CENTRAL (centre of town). Hôtels: **Orient, Iles Britanniques, Venise, Louvre, Méditerranée, Majestic, Turin, Atlantic-Malte, Ambassadeurs, Savoy St. George, Europe & Terminus, Excelsior, Gallia.**

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GARAVAN BAY (Sea Front). Hôtels: **Anglais, Wyders Grand Hôtel, Cecil, Britannia and Beau Site, Beau Rivage, Splendide.**

GARAVAN BAY (Sea Front). Hôtels-Pension: **Marina.**

GARAVAN BAY (slightly elevated). Hôtels: **Bellevue and Italie, Garavan Palace.**

ON THE HILL (funicular). Hôtel: **Annonciata.**

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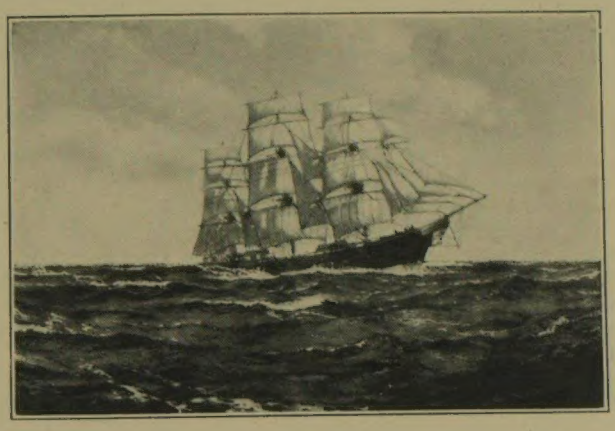
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

(Continued from Page 1214.)

The New Vauxhall "Twenty-Sixty."

The latest edition of the only example now made of the Vauxhall, one of the most celebrated British cars, the 20-60-h.p. six-cylinder, is a remarkable instance of modern value for money. Here you have a really full-sized five-seated saloon car, properly built, excellently finished. It is fast (at its maximum speed it maintains a very good average over give-and-take roads), it is really comfortable to drive, and it feels solidly built. It costs £495 for the five-seater tourer; £520 for the "Bedford" saloon; and £555 for the "Velox" flexible construction, the model I tried for *The Illustrated London News*. I regard these as very moderate prices. You can get several small saloons with the same performance as the Vauxhall (in one or two instances with a slightly better one), just as you can buy saloons of about the same size as the Vauxhall for less money. You will find it difficult, however, to discover a fabric saloon, of the three-litre class, with the same accommodation, finish, and performance all combined, at the price of the Vauxhall.

A Marked All-Round Improvement.

The description "Velox," it should be observed, has no relation to the old 30-98-h.p. Velox model, which was the glory of the Vauxhall works and one of the very finest "sports" touring cars ever produced in any country. That model no longer figures in the catalogue; but it may be that the appellation "Velox" will bring merited good fortune to the new car. It is certainly a name of good omen.

The main alteration in the new Vauxhall is the increase of the cylinder bore to 75 millimetres. This has resulted in a marked improvement in its performance, as compared with that of its predecessor, described on this page some ten months ago. It is a far livelier car, and its speed, acceleration, and pick-up are thoroughly satisfactory. A noticeable improvement has been made in its gear-change; and its steering, although a little on the low side for my own taste, is probably of the type most people want in a car of this class.

A Lively Car.

I liked its flexibility and its top-speed hill-climbing better than anything else about it. It is really a star performer over my pet test run in this respect. The engine runs smoothly and with very little noise at 45 miles an hour, while at its comfortable maximum—a little over a mile a minute—there is hardly any vibration to be noticed. The suspension is comfortable, and the car rides steadily at all touring speeds. The brakes are powerful and smooth in action, and, speaking generally, it is a car which should meet the needs of most owner-drivers. The bodywork is attractive in line and well finished.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

PLAYTHINGS OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE.

(Continued from Page 1180.)

such dolls' furniture could be very costly is witnessed by Pausanias, the forerunner of Baedeker, who thinks it worth noting that in the temple of Hera at Olympia he had seen a little ivory bed which once Hippodameia, the wife of Pelops, had there offered to the goddess"—not a Simon Pure toy this, it would appear.

Classed with the latter must be reflections and reproductions such as the tilting knights of the Middle Ages; the twelfth and fifteenth centuries clay dolls whose breasts, in many cases, have depressions designed to hold pieces of money, maybe christening coins; "hunts"; rude and officer-like soldiery; Noah's Arks—there is not one in this book, curiously enough, though Plate 192, "Wooden Toys from Thuringen; Nineteenth Century," may be the First Navigator and Family—and such things as tented fields and forts—forts primitive and forts fit to be manned by the mock army supervised by Vauban, military engineer and Marshal of France, for the son of his master, Louis XIV. "It was modelled and made by Nuremberg craftsmen, the mechanician, Hans Hautsch, and his son Gottfried, in the year 1672, and was so ingeniously constructed that the soldiers could be put through all the drill movements of the day. The celebrated War Minister, Sebastien de Vauban, had actually to travel to Nuremberg to oversee its manufacture, and probably also to give new suggestions for its construction."

To keep them company: figures mobile and immobile, trumpets and pea-shooters (in 1500!), horses and marionettes, theatres and peep-shows, magic lanterns and steam engines, jumping-jacks and merry-jacks, balancers, fays and devils, ships, tabors and windmills, whistles, and whatnot. All the wonderful wares of the toy-shop; fascinations in clay, glass, tin, lead, paper, stuff, bronze, bark, wax, papier-mâché, dough, gum-tragacanth, wood, it matters not in which—a collection that Bestelmeier's best Catalogue could not comprise, and that contained over twelve hundred entries to warrant its description as a "pedagogical magazine."

But my type-writer is running away with me. It must suffice to advise all to whom toys have meant anything to dip into their purses, certain that, though these may not be bottomless, they will yield right willingly the shillings necessary to the purchase of so marvellous a medley of memories as "Children's Toys of Bygone Days."

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Golfers who seek in the literature of their game the human rather than the technical side will enjoy the reminiscences of Miss Eleanor E. Helme, the Golf Editor of *Eve*. They are appearing weekly in serial form in that paper under the happy title, "After the Ball": Merry Memories of a Golfer. The first chapter, which began in the issue of *Eve* for Dec. 5 struck the keynote of a genial and gossipy record: "Memoirs is a large and imposing word. But let nobody be frightened. This is going to be an entirely frivolous chronicle of twenty-one years' good fun pursuing the little white ball with note-book and pencil." It is illustrated by numerous photographs and decorations by Charles Ambrose.

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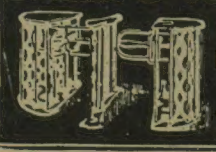
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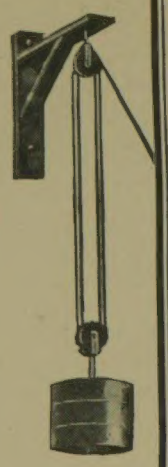
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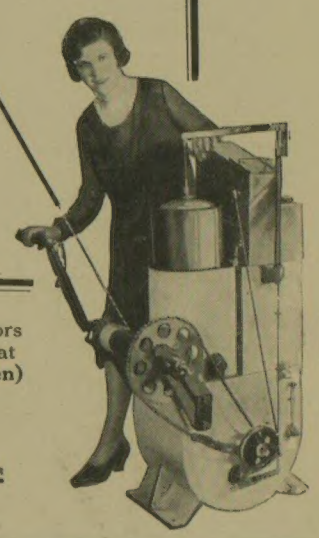
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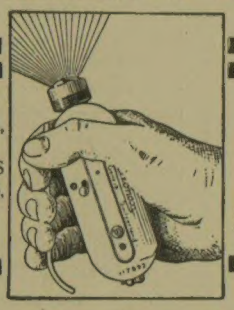
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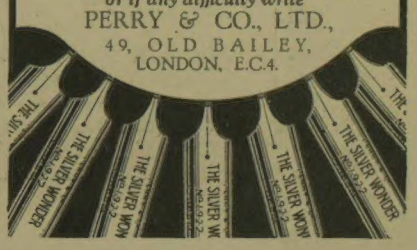
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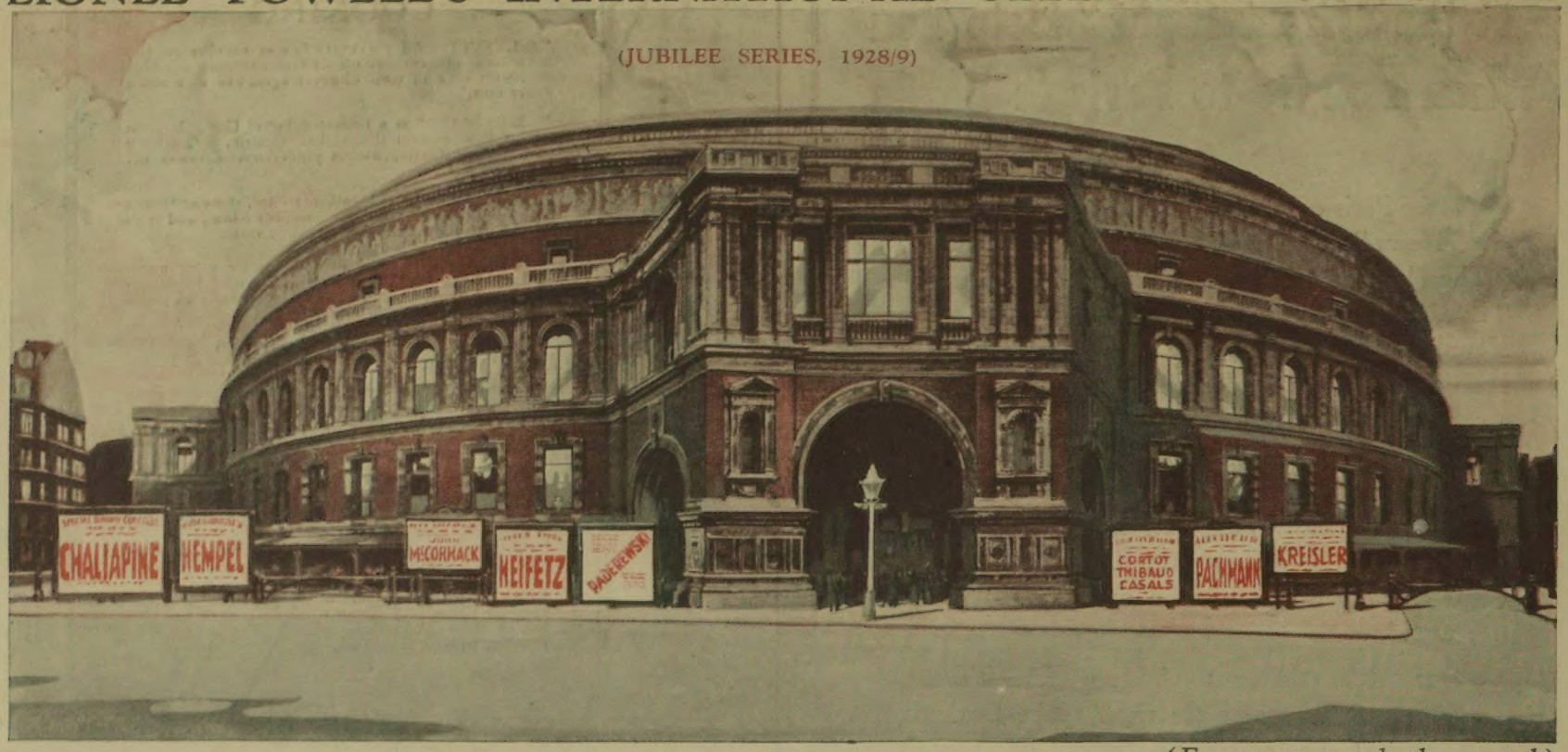
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